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STEPS UNTO
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N. C. CARPENTER



“STEPS UNTO HEAVEN”

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By N. C. CARPENTER
Owingsville, Ky*

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“Steps Unto Heaven”

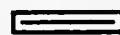
By
Newton Cleveland
N. C. CARPENTER
“

Minister of

The Salt Lick and Slate Valley
Christian Churches



With an introduction by T. S. Tinsley,
City Evangelist, Louisville, Kentucky



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
Owingsville, Ky.

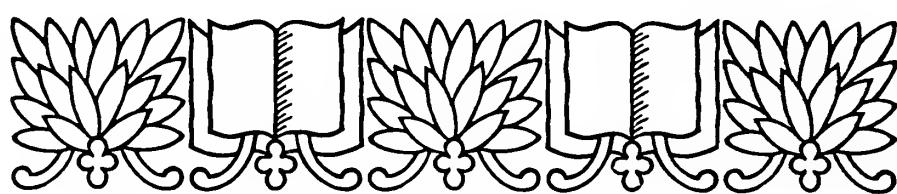


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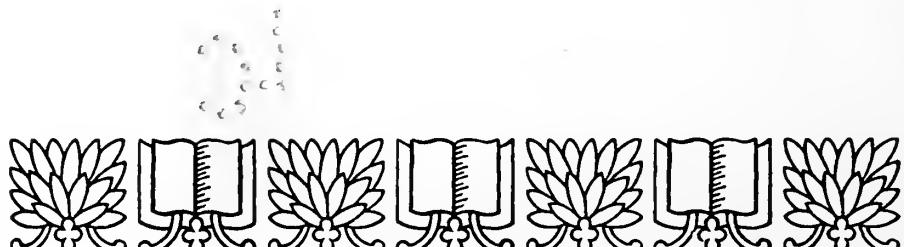
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APPRECIATION

To the Salt Lick, Slate Valley, Olympia, White Oak, Pleasant Valley and Midland Christian Churches, in whose service I have spent the most faithful years of my "student ministry," and among whose members I count many earnest and loyal friends, whose hearty co-operation and loyal support made it possible to add 660 souls to the Kingdom of God, encourage hundreds of others who had "well nigh given up"—To hundreds of other friends and brethren who have spoken kindly to me, and of my ministry—To my sacrificing father and mother, and other relatives who have been exceedingly good to me during my long struggle for an education—And to all friends everywhere who rejoice at any degree of success to which I may attain, I beg to express my highest appreciation.

N. C. CARPENTER



PREFACE

Naturally a little volume like this takes its name from the first chapter of its contents, and, therefore, "Steps Unto Heaven" is the title which I have given it. Another reason why I have assigned it this title is because, "Steps Unto Heaven" is a phrase in my favorite hymn, "NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

These sermons, delivered from the pulpit, have been very kindly spoken of, and instrumental in bringing many to Christ, and in publishing them it is my heart's desire and prayer that they will lead others to Him; inspire those who are already enlisted in the army of righteousness, and prove to be a blessing to every one who reads them.

Believing that hundreds of my friends and brethren will be delighted to receive this little volume, for which I have made many a sacrifice, and hoping it will accomplish the mission on which it is sent, I now give it my benediction and send it forth.

THE AUTHOR.

Owingsville, Ky., January, 1912.



W. H. CORD

TO
William Henry Cord

my beloved teacher,
who watched over me with the tender
solicitude of a father, and who has
been removed to
“Fairer Fields on High,”
this little volume is

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE

AUTHOR



THE SALT LICK BIBLE SCHOOL



THE SLATE VALLEY BIBLE SCHOOL



T. S. TINSLEY

My Old Kentucky Church

Orthodox

The truth rings clear in my Old Kentucky Church,
'Tis Freedom! The creeds are no more;
The Book Divine for the Heavenly truth we search,
 And its grace renews us o'er and o'er.
We launch our hopes with the good old Ship of Grace,
 No danger of reefs or hidden rocks;
The "Rules of Faith" with the "Book Alone" replace,
 In my Old Kentucky Church—Orthodox.

CHORUS—

Pray for peace to Zion, Oh! pray that all be one!
We will sing one song for my Old Kentucky Church:
For my Old Kentucky Church—Orthodox!

Our Plea up North is a little loose at ends,
 "No matter if sprinkled or immersed,"
And away down South the "anti" still contends,
 "Our Restoration Rules Are All Reversed;"
The Eastern type is a little stiff and cold,
 And Westward, Look out for watered stocks!
But They All Mix Well In the Center Of The Fold
 In my Old Kentucky Church—Orthodox.

The light came first to Barton Warren Stone,
 At Cane Ridge—The richest spot on earth;
The Campbells found that the good seed had been sown,
 And "The Cause" in Old Kentucky found its birth.
The soil was rich and the people heard the call,
 They settled in many little flocks;
So the work was done in the Blue Grass first of all,
 In my Old Kentucky Church—Orthodox.

Thad. S. Tinsley.

Introduction



O preach! Nothing else like it on Earth! Nothing like it in Heaven! It is to "speak for God"—to become a voice for God's truth and God's love. More: it is to see God, to reveal God, to give God to the world. God in Christ! God in the Gospel! God in the heart and voice and soul of the preacher!

The preacher is unique. That which makes him is different—different from the making of every other workman. That which the preacher makes is different—different from the products of any other calling. The preacher is made by agencies both scrutable and inscrutable. The discernable things that give form to his calling are not so fundamental as the things known only to God. I believe in the divinity of all men with still a plus to the preacher.

The products of the preacher are unique. Some of the things he must do are natural; others are, at least, *above* nature, if we may not say supernatural. He must build his church as the business man builds his trade but he

also builds above the sky-line of human commerce. Part of his building is seen on earth but the sculptured frieze and gable are above the earth cloud-line and are to be seen only in Heaven.

N. C. Carpenter is a preacher. His people know it. His sermons prove it. The growth of his churches show it. Best of all, the souls converted to Christ and saved from the power of sin record it not only on the consciousness of his large and growing circle of Christian associates but also on the unforgetting heart of God in Heaven.

No introductory vision could be more fitting to this delightful little volume—"STEPS UNTO HEAVEN"—than the anonymous dream which has been given poetic voice and rythm.

"Weary and worn with earthly care,
I yielded to repose;
And soon upon my raptured sight,
A glorious vision rose:
I thought, while slumbering on my couch,
In mid-night's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice,
And radiance filled the room.

A gentle touch awakened me,
A gentle whisper said:
'Arise, O sleeper! follow me',
And through the air we sped:
We left the world so far away

That like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, bright and clear,
Across our pathway streamed.

Still on we went: my heart was filled
With silent ecstasy!

I wondered what the change would be,
What next would greet my sight;
And presently a change was wrought,
And I was clothed in white.

We stood before a City's Wall,
Most glorious to behold!
We passed through gates of glittering pearls,
O'er streets of purest gold
That needed not the Sun by day,
The silvery moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there,
The Lamb thereof its light.

Bright angels passed the shining street,
Sweet music filled the air;
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns
From every clime were there:
And some that I had loved on Earth,
Stood with them round the Throne:
'Worthy is the Lamb' they said,
'The glory His alone.'

But fairer still than all the sight,
I saw my Savior's face,
And, as I smiled, He looked on me
With wondrous love and grace;
Lowly I bowed before His Throne,
O'er joyed that I at last,
Had reached the Heaven of my hope,
And Earth, at last, was passed.

And then in solemn tones He said,
'Where is thy diadem;
That bright should sparkle on thy brow,
Adorned with many a gem;
I know that thou didst believe on me,
And life through me is thine,
But where are all those radiant stars,
That in thy crown shouldst shine?'

Yonder thou seest a glorious throng,
With crowns on every brow;
For every soul they won to me,
They wear a jewel now;
And such thy bright reward had been
If such had been thy deed;
If thou hadst caused some wandering soul
In paths of peace to lead.

I did not mean that thou shouldst walk,
This way of life alone;
But that the bright and shining light
That round thy footsteps shone,
Should guide some other wandering soul,
To seek my home of rest;
And thus in blessing those around
Thou hadst thyself been blest.

The vision faded from my sight,
The voice no longer spake;
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul,
Which long I feared to break;
But when at last I looked around,
Upon the morning's glimmering light,
My spirit fell o'erwhelmed indeed,
With the vision's awful might.

I rose and wept with chastened joy,
That still I dwelt below;
That still another hour was mine,
My faith by works to show;
That still to others I might tell
Of Jesus' dying love,
And seek to win some wandering soul,
To find his Home above.

And now while still I dwell below,
My motto this shall be:
'Not to live for self alone,
But for Christ who died for me';
And graven on my inmost soul,
Those words of truth divine:
'They that turn many to the Lord,
Bright as the stars shall shine'."

This book will likely reach many people that I know personally, so allow me to subscribe myself,

Yours fraternally and affectionately,

T. S. Tinsley, City Evangelist,

Dec. 15, 1911. Louisville, Kentucky.

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CHART

“Steps Unto Heaven”

“Beside all this, giving all diligence, add to your faith, courage; and to courage, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience. Godlikeness; and to Godlikeness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, love.”

II Peter 1 : 5-6.

“There let the way appear STEPS UNTO HEAVEN;

All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee.”

It seems to me that when this stanza was written, the author must have in mind a great flight of steps on which the soul climbs into heaven, and our text is the scripture upon which I think the thought is based. In the text, the Apostle presents, as it were, a spiritual stairway extending from earth to heaven, and the chart before you represents this stairway.

But before you are ready to begin the life march up these steps, the foundation must be laid, and Paul says, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

Let us notice carefully what is involved in laying this foundation, for the strength of this spiritual stairway depends wholly upon the foundation:

1. Faith. "But without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Heb. 11:6.

2. Repentance. "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Luke 13:3.

3. Confession. "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father who is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father who is in heaven."

4. Baptism. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned." Mark 16:16.

"Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit." Acts 2:38.

"Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of the water and

the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." John 3:5.

Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." Rom. 6:4-5.

"Buried with him in baptism, wherein ye also are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead." Col. 2:12.

We believe into Christ; we repent into Christ; we confess into Christ; we are baptized into Christ. Thus he becomes the foundation of the great spiritual stairway that is to reach into the city of God.

Having laid the foundation, the Apostle Peter says, "Beside all this, (that is, beside your faith, and your repentance, and your confession, and your baptism) giving all diligence, add to your faith, courage; and to courage, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, Godlikeness; and to Godlikeness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, love."

We are now ready to begin the ascent of the stairway leading to God. We are now ready to begin climbing heavenward. The crown is at the top of the stairway, and can be obtained only by climbing for it.

What, then, according to this text, is the first step we are to take after we become christians?

1. It is the step called COURAGE. It seems to me that the first fact that God would have you to learn, is that there is no room in his kingdom for a moral coward. You must be courageous. "Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." 1 Cor. 16:13. Have moral courage to remain faithful among the faithless. Have moral courage to be godly among the ungodly; careful among the careless; thoughtful among the thoughtless; sincere among the insincere, and Christlike among the unchristlike. Be true as steel whatever way the wind may blow. "Holding fast to the profession of the faith without wavering." Have courage to speak what you believe to be right. Declare the right anywhere, and before any people. Let the world know where you stand.

"Do you think," said Frith, martyr, to the archbishop's men that would have let him go, "that I am afraid to declare mine opinion unto the bishops of England in a manifest truth? If you both should leave me here, and go tell the bishops that you had lost Frith, I would surely follow as fast after as I might, and bring them news that I had found and brought Frith again." This man had courage to declare the right before even the bishops who opposed him. He was a moral hero!

You need courage not only to declare the

right, but courage to do right. Never be cowardly enough to do wrong, and you will always have courage to do right. "A company of boys in Chicago once endeavored to force a boy to go with them into a garden to steal fruit. He persisted in his refusal to go with them. They threatened to duck him in the river unless he consented, but he remained firm. His tormentors forced him into the water, and wickedly drowned him, because he would not steal. There was a true hero, and the genuine spirit of a martyr. One of the local printers furnishes the following paragraph in relation to him:—'His father is one of the most worthy and estimable Norwegian citizens. He is a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. His little son, though but ten years of age, had given such true evidence of piety, and he was so intelligent and consistent in every respect, that he had been admitted as a member of the same church. His seat in the Sabbath school was never vacant, and his lessons were always learned.'" Honor to the noble boy who was willing to die rather than do wrong!

Stand firm, and tell the world that you are a christian. It will, perhaps, laugh at you at first, but when it sees that you are deeply in earnest, it will turn, fall at your feet, and beg your forgiveness.

But a young man says, "I never did like to be called a coward, and when I refuse to

go to Sunday baseball, to drink with the other young men, to gamble, or, in a word, when I refuse to do anything that is wrong, they call it cowardice and say that I am a coward." Listen, young man! If it takes courage to drink—be a coward! If it takes courage to gamble—be a coward! If it takes courage to go to Sunday baseball—be a coward! If it takes courage to be a prodigal—be a coward! If it takes courage to yield to temptation—be a coward! If it takes courage to take God's name in vain—be a coward! If it takes courage to kill your fellowman, or to break any other commandment—be a coward!

When "Pat" was called a coward for running away from the battle of Gettysburg when the first gun was fired he replied, "I'd rather be called a coward all the life than to be a corpse fifteen minutes."

"Pat" was right! If it takes courage to do wrong, be a coward all your life rather than a dead hero!

Have courage to stand for Christ. One of America's greatest evangelists said, "What we want is men with a little courage to stand up for Christ. When Christianity wakes up, and every child that belongs to the Lord is willing to speak for Him, is willing to work for Him, and, if need be, willing to die for Him, then Christianity will advance, and we shall see the work of our Lord prosper."

Young man, starting up this great spiritual

stairway you, should be deeply impressed with the great truth that you are to have courage to say no to temptation, for,

You're starting today on life's journey,
Alone on the highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations;
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger whereever you go;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say NO.

The syren's sweet song may allure you;
Beware of her cunning and art:
Whenever you see her approaching,
Be guarded, and haste to depart.
The billiard saloons are inviting,
Decked out in their tinsel show;
You may be invited to enter:
Have courage, my boy, to say NO.

The bright ruby wine may be offered
No matter how tempting it be,
From poison that stings like an adder,
My boy, have the courage to flee.
The gambling halls are before you,
There lights how they dance to and fro,
If you should be tempted to enter,
Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin;
And trust in a Heavenly Father,
Will keep you unspotted from sin,

Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow,
But if you are true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say NO.

II. The second step in the spiritual stairway is KNOWLEDGE. Of course, this does not mean secular knowledge—such as political or govermental knowledge. But a knowledge of the Scriptures which are able to make you wise unto salvation. And I declare unto you that the ignorance regarding them is simply distressing. I think that I am safe in saying that there are 90,000,000 people in North America who cannot tell you where the Savior was born!

A minister of the Christian Church was once holding a meeting in the South. To test the "Scriptural knowledge" of the congregation, he asked everybody in the congregation who had read the book of Samson to hold up his hand, and, "lo, and behold", an old-fashioned shouting brother, a member of the choir, right in the amen corner, lifted up his hand! The minister gently suggested to him that the book had not yet been published. The old brother's face turned red. The minister eased him down by saying, "You need not blush; you are the only man in this congregation who had the courage to vote."

On another occasion two men were very enthusiastically discussing religion on the streets, and one of them said unto the other,

"As Pharaoh said unto Noah, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' "

"Yes, sir, that is hight," said the other,

No wonder Paul said. "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." From this passage we learn that this knowledge can be obtained only by diligent study.

But some one says, "I study the Scriptures, but I cannot understand what the Lord would have me to do, and I believe He will save me on account of my ignorance."

My friend, be not deceived. "The times of ignorance therefore God overlooked; but *now* he commandeth men that they should *all* everywhere *repent.*" (Acts 17:30.)

Again, "And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness: the unclean shall not pass over it; but is shall be for the redeemed: the wayfaring men, *yea fools, shall not err therein.*" (Isa. 35:8)

If any man have ears, let him hear. God has given to you a mind with which to study the Scriptures, and if you are too indifferent to study them in order to know what to do to be saved, you will be damned on account of your ignorance.

III. The next step in the spiritual stairway is TEMPERANCE. Oh, what a false conception hundreds of people have regarding temperance!

They say that is is all right to do anything, provided we do not carry it to excess—that it is all right to drink provided a man does not make a pig of himself.

If I should ask you this morning to give me a definition of a drunkard, no doubt every person in this building would say, “A drunkard is one who drinks to such an extent that he staggers and falls into the gutter.”

Well, then, suppose I pick out a man in this audience, and ask him how much he can drink and walk absolutely straight.

He replies, “I can drink a quart, and still be able to walk perfectly straight. I can drink a quart, and nobody could tell that I had taken a drop.”

And suppose I ask “John Brown”—the biggest sinner on the streets—how much he can drink, and still walk like a strictly sober man.

He replies, “If I should drink one gill, I would fall into the ditch. One gill would make me dead-drunk.”

According to your definition, “John Brown” would be the drunkard, while the man, in the church, who could drink a quart and walk perfectly straight, would be a sober Christian gentleman.

Listen, “Temperance has to do only with the things that are lawful, things that are right.” Suppose you take your gun, walk out yonder and shoot a man down in cold blood—

you might have killed ten men—but you use self-control and are temperate. Would you be a murderer? Most assuredly, you would be a murderer. “Thou shalt not kill.”

Suppose you take God’s name in vain just once—you might take it in vain twenty times—but you use self-control and are temperate. Would there be anything wrong in it? Most assuredly it would be wrong. “Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in vain; for Jehovah will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.”

You must be temperate in all things that are LAWFUL, but if a thing IS WRONG WITHIN ITSELF, “then the Scripture would be, TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT, AN UNCLEAN THING.”

IV. Another step in the spiritual stairway is PATIENCE. No man or woman is equipped for life’s duties and life’s responsibilities who does not possess patience. Especially is no one equipped for the Christian race who does not have a full store of patience. You are not to forget that Christian patience is waiting, and that it is much more than waiting; it is endurance, which involves strain and trial. It is bearing a burden while you wait for the crown incorruptible; the crown which fadeth not away. Indeed, “patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweet-

ens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the Church, loyalty in the State, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor, and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured; she delights the faithful and invites the unbelieving; is loved in a child, is praised in a young man, admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex and every age."

Let every Christian learn, during hours of impatience, to breathe the prayer of Mary Lyon, "Lord, help me to be patient, help me to remember, and help me to be faithful. Lord, help me to do all for Christ's sake, and go forward, leaning on the bosom of His infinite grace."

V. The next step in the spiritual stairway is GODLIKENESS. If this godlikeness is to be something really practical, it must be likeness to "God manifest in the flesh." Likeness to the Lord Jesus Christ. Christ says, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." He and his Father are one. Therefore, if you are Christlike you are Godlike.

Christlikeness means that you are to *love*

like He loves. And to love like he loves, you must love your enemies. In this respect the Lord unquestionably practiced what he preached: When they took up stones to stone him, he loved them, and when they desperately used him, he prayed for them. The Lord, here, as everywhere, is our pattern. We are to do as he did.

But I have talked to many people who claim that it is impossible for one to love his enemies.

One old man said, "It was not intended that we should love our enemies. It is not in human nature." The old man was right. "It is not in human nature; but it is in Christ's nature, and it is in the divine nature. And it is in the divine nature to impart it through Christ to those who claim it."

You are to love your enemies, not only because it is like Christ, but because it is the way to subdue them. By love a sincere friend can be made out of the most bitter enemy.

It is recorded of a Chinese emperor that, when he learned that his enemies had raised an insurrection in a distant province, he said to his officers, "Come, follow me, and we shall quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "How!" cried the first minister, "is this the manner in

which your promise is fulfilled? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold, you have pardoned them all, and even caressed some of them."

"I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies. I have fulfilled my word, for see, they are enemies no longer. I have made friends of them." In loving his enemies, this Chinese emperor was Christlike.

This Christlikeness cannot be attained suddenly—in a moment. You must grow into it gradually. It is an unfolding. It is a growth.

An intelligent physician was having some trouble regarding his "Christlikeness". He seems to have thought that he was making too slow progress in the Christian life; that he was becoming like Christ too slowly. He decided to make his trouble known to his minister. He did so. The minister saw through it all in a moment. And to help him out of the difficulty the minister said, "I go into the home of the father and mother, after God has given them the first baby. To them, that is the sweetest, prettiest, brightest baby on earth—and that is all right for them to think so. They are anxious to have their preacher come.

The father says, 'Say, who do you think this baby looks like?'

And I confess to you that I never saw a

little baby that ever looked like anybody; it looks just like a baby, that is all I see.

‘Don’t you think it looks its father?’

Not a bit; all babies look alike to me.

I come back when it is a year old. He asks me the same question.

Well, it does not look like it did twelve months ago; it does not look very much like anybody yet.

I come again and it is five years old. Here he is, a little boy wearing knee pants.

‘Now, sir, who do you think he looks like?’

Well, he may look just a little bit like his father, but not much.

I see him again. He is fifteen years old. Now he begins to look like his father.

The next time he is twenty-one years of age. He stands right up beside his father, and is just as tall as he. He has mustache, and I see that he is just the image of his father. But it took twenty-one years to get there.

So it is with the Christian life. When we were baptized we did not look much like God.” But as the years go by, we continue to climb this spiritual stairway, we become more and more like him, and eventually, we shall “see him as he is.”

VI. We come now to the sixth step, in the spiritual stairway, which we have called BROTHERLY KINDNESS, OR BROTHERLY LOVE. The new life which we have in Christ Jesus is necessarily a sonship. The soul that is “born

again", finds itself born into a family life, where it has duties to the Father, and to brothers. For these brethren we must have a holy concern. "If we do not love our brother whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen?" In times of persecution and temptation, there are constant calls to brotherly helpfulness. This brotherly love can steady the feet that are sliding, and restore the fallen in the spirit of meekness. In family life the brothers are considerate and helpful one toward another. They stand by each other. They defend each other. They carry one another's burdens. Each one is willing to sacrifice his own comfort for the comfort of his brother. Each rejoices in the other's success, and each lifts the other when he falls. "And within the brotherhood of the spiritual there should be the mutual bearing of burdens, which is a sure sign of brotherly love."

When it comes to the Church, we find that it is impossible for disabilities, afflictions, or persecutions to come upon it without directly affecting certain individuals—those who have the Church's best interest at heart. They bear the burden for the whole Church, and therefore have special claim upon the sympathy of their fellow-members. Every member of the Church ought to feel that he is a brother in the great spiritual family, and that he is duty-bound to carry his part of the burden. This is an essential part of brotherly love. Many

are too ready to say of the suffering ones, "They are 'stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.' " We should keep ourselves close knit with them in brotherly love. If there are some in bonds for Christ's sake, the others should have a fellow-feeling. If there are some weeping, the others ought to weep with them; if there are some laughing, the others ought to laugh with them; if a brother is hungry, feed him; if a brother is thirsty, give him drink; if a brother is a stranger, take him in; if he is naked, clothe him; sick, visit him; in prison, go unto him.

Along this very line, J. F. Serjeant said, "As the spokes of a carriage-wheel approach their centre they approach each other; so, also, when men are brought to Jesus Christ, the centre of life and hope, they are drawn towards each other in brotherly relationship, and stand side by side journeying to their heavenly home."

VII. The last step in the great spiritual stairway is LOVE. This step brings us right into the city of God, where we shall hear that divine Son saying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

One of the greatest sentences that the Apostle Paul ever wrote is found in 1 Corinthians 13:13. "But now abideth, faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love." Love is the greatest because "God is love."

“Had I the voice of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or were I to distribute all my store,
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor
And give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr’s glorious name—
If love be absent, still I’m found
A clanging brass and an empty sound.”

When you look at love’s wonderful record, you are able to better understand why Paul said it is the “greatest.” The whole Bible is a record of God’s love. “When Adam and Eve sinned and God went walking in the garden in the cool of the day saying, ‘Where art thou?’ this was love seeking. When the world was steeped in wickedness and the flood cannot but come, and Noah stands proclaiming righteousness, this is love as a barrier in the way of judgment. When Israel wanders and God with every entreaty seeks to turn them back, this is love crying with a breaking heart for the wanderer’s return. There are special illustrations of this spirit, as for example, the Shunamite. It was love that sent the mother to Elisha. Or again the story of Absalom. It was love that sent the old father to the gates saying, ‘O, Absalom, my son, my son.’ Or the story of Jacob as an aged man grieving for his children. It was love which wrung from him

the cry, 'Me ye have bereft of my children. Joseph is not; Simon is not, and now you will take Benjamin from me.' And as for the New Testament, love dictated the parables, love worked the miracles, love dealt with sinners, love drove the Savior to the cross, love sent Him to the shore or the sea in the early morning, love sent Him back to represent us in the skies, and love will one day bring Him back again in all His power and might. It is this spirit which must win in the church, and when we have it victory is sure.

"The frail daughter of General and Mrs. Booth had sung her hymns and told her story in the crowded meeting in Paris, France. Fallen men and women had only mocked her, but this provoked her to a new pathos. She told her story once more. When they still refused to yield to her, she walked through the crowd to the rear where a fallen girl with dishevelled hair and sin-marked face was jeering at her. Bending over her she took the poor face in both hands and kissed her, saying, 'My dear sister, I would to God that I could love you to Christ.' The girl was startled. Pure lips like those had not touched her cheek in many a year. She rose to her feet and staggered to the front," and took Christ for her Savior, and became an officer in the Salvation Army. How was she brought to Christ? She was loved to Him! She was loved up from the pit! She was loved out of the hands of the enemy of

the soul! She was loved from the destroyer, to the Savior!

Ah, my friend,

"Do you know the world is dying
For a little bit of love?
Everywhere we hear their sighing
For a little bit of love.
For the love that rights a wrong,
Fills the heart with hope and song,
They have waited, oh so long,
For a little bit of love.

"From the poor of every city,
For a little bit of love,
Hands are reaching out in pity,
For a little bit of love.
Some have burdens hard to bear,
Some have sorrows we should share.
Shall they falter and despair
For a little bit of love.

"Down before their idols falling,
For a little bit of love
Many souls in vain are calling,
For a little bit of love.
If they die in sin and shame,
Somebody surely is to blame
For not going in His name
With a little bit of love.

"While the souls of men are dying,
For a little bit of love,
While the children too are crying
For a little bit of love

Stand no longer idly by,
You can help them if you try;
Go then, saying, Here am I
With a little bit of love."

May I ask, in conclusion, how many of you have climbed faithfully to the top of the stairway this morning? How many have been faithful to the end? How many have reached safely this top step—love? Ah, I think I hear some whispering in their heart, "Many have begun the ascent; sadly failed, and turned away crying,

'Lost, lost, lost,
For all eternity!
The joy of wearing the victor's crown,
The Master's voice with His glad 'Well done!'
'Lost! Lost, Lost!'

Others in victory shout:

"Gained, gained, gained,
Through sorrow, and toil, and loss,
Through treading the way of nail and thorn,
The way of loneliness, shame, and scorn,
The way that leads to the cross.

"Gained! Gained! Gained!
The reign with the King, the crown,
The glorious lifting up, the rest;
The joy of the soul who stood the test
Of the bitter going down.

“Gained! Gained! Gained!
What joy for the man who died!
Fruit of my sorrow I now have seen
In thee, O soul—thou hast faithful been,
And my heart is satisfied.”

Yes, in triumphant praise, thousands are singing,

“I’ve anchored my soul in the ‘Heaven of Rest’
I’ll sail the wide seas no more;
The tempest may sweep o’er the wild, stormy deep
In Jesus I’m safe evermore.”



The Holy City

And I, John, saw the holy city.

Rev. 21: 2.



FOR ALL the Apostles, John was granted the sacred privilege of giving us a description of the holy city. The curtain was lifted and he gazed with miraculous vision upon it descending out of heaven as a bride adorned for her husband. Just how long he was permitted to look upon this resplendent city we are not told, but we must acknowledge that the vision was of sufficient length to enable him to give to the world an unparalleled description of it. In his description he affirms that the foundations of the wall of the city are garnished with all manner of precious stones; that the building of the wall is of jasper; that each gate is of pearl; that the street of the city is of pure gold; that a pure river of the water of life; clear as crystal; proceeds out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, and that in the street, on either side of the river, is the tree of life,

the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations.

Furthermore it is affirmed that:

I. *It is a city from which all evil is banished.*

All along life's path we see "wheat and tares growing together." On all sides stands the church with a message of cheer for the downcast; a message of hope for the despondent; a message of courage for the discouraged; a word of comfort for the bereaved; water for the thirsty, and living bread for the hungry. She whispers to the fainting and bleeding soldier in the Army of righteousness, "Fight the good fight of faith and lay hold of eternal life." She holds the gospel torch to brighten the christian's journey accross the black river of death, and throws out the lifeline to the sinner in the great whirlpool of destruction.

Sin stands not with a message, "but with the cunning of multiplied devils"; a multitude of bitter pangs; with long nights of anxious watching; with tears; with heartaches; with broken constitutions. It blows out the lamp of hope, and snatches away the flower that blooms on the grave of a sainted disciple.

But in the holy city, it will not be so, for, "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." There his own shall enjoy entire separation from the

society of wicked and evil disposed persons, who in various ways, injure the righteous man and embitter his life on earth. The lewd, the vulgar, the avaricious, the liars, the slanderers, the backbiters, the meddlers, the hypocrites, the profaners, the infidels, and the scoffers will not be there, for they "shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

—“The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God.” You notice they are not turned into the holy city, but into hell! Again, “Then shall he say unto them on his left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.”

“Oh! sinner, remember, though fair
be life’s day,
There’s only one step to the tomb;
Thy life like a vapor will soon pass
away,
Then cometh eternity’s gloom.”

On the other hand, the pure and righteous of all ages and nations will be there, for, “the King shall say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world”, and “many shall come from the east and west and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven.”

II. *The attractive features of the holy city are unsurpassed.*

I. The inhabitants are like little children. When the master wanted to make a supremely wise comparison, he took a little child up in his arms and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And again, "Jesus called a little child unto him, and set it in the midst of them and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." When we think of the lessons of self-denial, self-sacrifice, and patience which children have taught the world, we do not wonder that Christ took them up in his arms and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The fact that little children will be in the majority in heaven, makes heaven very attractive to those who have some dear little one there, and tune their hearts to sing with the poet:

"They tell of that beautiful city,
The glorified home of the soul,
Where the saints in their triumph are singing,
The glory of God to extol.

And high on hills of that country,
Rolling far forever away,
I see in the dreams of my fancy
The forms of fair children at play.

In fields that are fruited and fragrant
And ripe with the riches of God,
They gather in wreaths the white roses
That spring from eternity's sod.

And one I am watching among them,
With features transfigured and fair,
Who will leap with joy at my coming,
And crown me with ecstacy there.

As once through earth's pastures he led me
Where lightly the clover blooms waved,
So over God's plains he shall lead me,
Where blossom the souls of the saved.

Forever and ever together
Through fields of our father on high,
We'll wander the highlands of heaven,
My glorified darling and I."

Lincoln, Garfield, Beecher and Moody were all lovers of Children. Theodore Parker said, "A child is better for the heart than a whole academy of philosophers," and it is said that Charles Dickens wrote the following lines and put them in an envelope to be read by his children after he was gone:

"Children they are idols of hearts and of
households,
They are angels of God in disguises,
His sunshine still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams in their eyes.

Oh! those shouts from home and from heaven!
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child."

II. It is a city of praise. Manning has correctly said, "Praise consists in the love of God, in wonder at the goodness of God, in recognition of the gifts of God, in seeing God in all things he gives us, aye, and even in the things which he refuses to us; so as to see our whole life in the light of God; and seeing this, to bless him, adore him and glorify him." This praise, you may rest assured will not cease in the holy city, for, "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beast, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever, Amen." The time will come when men will see God as he is, and their souls will throb and burst forth with praise. Deep down in their souls they will sing,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

3. It is a city of universal and perfect love. In this world how changeful, hesitating, suspicious, and selfish, love is! Today you take the triumphal entry into the hearts of men, but tomorrow they cry, "crucify him"; today they hand you a flower, but tomorrow a thorn; today they administer a balm, but tomorrow an ache; today they bestow a blessing, tomorrow a curse; today they bind you with cords of love, but tomorrow with fetters of iron. But in the holy city, love will not be of this kind. It will be perfect and eternal. There love is triumphant!

The mightiest imagination cannot form a picture so exceedingly grand. We shall be like him and he is love. "Beloved now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." Our love there will be like his! and,

"Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious tongues,
Their Saviour's praises speak."

IV. It is an everlasting city. Earth's fairest cities and most magnificent palaces do not abide. They crumble into dust, and are "like the chaff which the wind driveth away." "The voice of the Greek, so shrill in battle so musical

in peace ; his gay activities, his energy, so often reviving from humiliation and ruin ; his brush, his chisel-Alas, for all these ! where are they ? The beauty of Athens has sunk into dust. The wolves of Mount Taygetus howl in the dark among the broken stones of Sparta, and the splendor of Corinth is no more.” As the spirit of Constantine “went forth with a wail the poor ghost of Imperial Power disappeared ; the last pulse of the Old Civilization of mankind broke with a feeble flutter from the dying heart of the East, and the great drama of the Roman Empire was at an end.” The world passeth away.

But press this truth home to your own heart. Apply it not to Greece and Rome, but to your own sad experience. You retired at night with your possessions stored away, but ere morning came they went up in smoke. They spread their wings and flew away. You had a husband, who soothed your sorrows, shared your joys, loved you, and was ever a prop upon which you could safely lean—but he is gone ! You had a wife, who administered a balm to your aching heart, gilded your pathway with cheerfulness, was your dearest companion, and the pride of your heart—but she has gone out into the unseen ! You had a mother, who stilled the tempest of wild and bitter agony that swept across your heart, but where is she now ? Gone ! You had a sweet blue-eyed sister, who never deserted you,

cheered you in time of trial, and hung clusters of flowers about you, but where is she—gone out into the unseen! You had a brother who loved you with all the wealth of his affection, but where is he?—Gone to explore the eternal future! You had a dear child to whom you looked for support in the decline of life, while passing down the hill, but where is it?—Out yonder in a bank of flowers on the hillside! “They have fled as the shadow and continue not.”

“But oh, there’s a home of eternal delight,
Where the smiles on the faces of Christians are bright,
Where the angels of beauty, immortally bright,
Are floating forever on pinions of white.”

V. Jesus is there and we shall see his face. Just before Jesus left his disciples, he gave them an assurance that they would be with him again. Indeed, he gave them one of the grandest promises on record. “Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.” What myriads of souls have been cheered by these words since they were first uttered! In our Father’s house it will

not be the association of high angels, the water of life, the tree of life, or the jasper walls that will make us supremely happy. "But oh, how transcendently glad shall we be when we shall see our Lord. Perhaps in that 'Upper room', also, he may show us his hands and his side, and we may cry out with happy Thomas, 'My Lord, and my God.' " To be in the holy city is to talk with Jesus about the hidden mysteries, sit at his feet and know him as he is. Yes, the Lamb of God is there! Stephen said, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God."

"Oh, heaven without my Saviour
Would be no heaven to me;
Dim were the walls of jasper—
Rayless the crystal sea,
He gilds earth's darkest valleys
With light and joy and peace;
What then must be the radiance
When night and death shall cease."

We shall see his face. There is a common longing in the human heart to look upon the face of Jesus. Every christian has a longing to see someone who was present and can describe the expression on his face when he delivered the Sermon on the Mount, the expression when he said, "Peace, be still," the expression when he said, "Ye would not come to me that ye might have life," the expression when

he said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," the expression when he said, "Go sin no more," the expression when he said, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," the expression when he said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," but oh, how much greater is the longing to look upon the glorified face. "They shall see his face." John, the beloved disciple, wrote this passage upon the bare and rugged isle of Patmos. He seems to have reflected upon the past, and recalled the face he had seen so oft and longed to see it again, and gave vent to his feeling by reiterating the words of the Psalmist, "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness. I shall be satisfied when I wake with thy likeness."

There are many faces in heaven we shall be glad to see—the face of Moses, the face of Joshua, the face of David, the sweet singer of Israel, the face of Elijah, of John, of Paul, of Peter, and of great men like Knox, Luther, Campbell, Livingston, and all the other great men who devoted their lives to him who searches the hearts of men and confers all needful wisdom and strength. I long to see the faces of friends and loved ones. I saw these faces as they glowed with health; saw them fade away in the pallor of death, and it will be a great day in my life when I shall see them again, but the greatest joy and the greatest glory will be to see the face of Jesus. Yes,

“There is a face at heaven’s gate,
A face I long to see;
Lingering by the jasper walls,
And waiting there for me.

There is a face at heaven’s gate,
With smile divine and kind
For one who in this stormy world
Is left awhile behind.

There is a face at heaven’s gate,
It cheers me on my way,
And is that morning star that shines,
Before the wake of day.”

We shall see his face, “and looking back upon the sea that brought us thither, we shall behold its water flashing in the light of that everlasting morning, and hear them breaking into music upon the eternal shore. And then, brethren, when all the weary-night-watchers on the stormy ocean of life are gathered together around Him who watched with them from his throne on the bordering mountains of eternity, where the day shines forever—then he will seat them at his table in his kingdom, and none will need to ask, ‘Who art thou’ or ‘Where am I’?, for all shall know it is the Lord: and the full, perfect, unchangeable vision of his blessed face will be the Holy City.”

The Name of Jesus

Thou shalt call his name Jesus.

Matt. 1: 21.



OR multiplied centuries the Jews had been looking for the Messiah, whom they thought would reign in David's place. They had frequently read such prophecies as, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel;"—"In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gates of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations be blessed"; "I will make thy seed to multiply as the stars of heaven, and I will give unto thy seed all these countries; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed;" "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor the law-giver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gath-

ering of the people be"; "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel," and, "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting," and were anxiously looking for their fulfillment.

The time came for these prophecies to be fulfilled, and the birth of him who was the fulfillment of them was on this wise: "When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost. Then Joseph, her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily. But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus."

The conferring of this name on our Lord was not a mere accident, nor of the ordinary course of things. It was given by divine guidance. The angel who announced to his virgin mother that she was to be the most honored of women, in giving birth to the Son of God and the Saviour of men, intimated also to her the name by which the holy child was to be called;

“Thou shalt call his name Jesus.” And it was probably the same heavenly messenger who appeared to Joseph, and, to remove his fears, and keep him from putting “her away privily,” said to him: “That which is conceived in thy wife Mary is of the Holy Ghost: and she shall bring forth a son and thou shalt call his name Jesus.” They were not disobedient to the heavenly vision. The child was born, and “When eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child *his name was called Jesus*, which was so named of the angel before he was conceived in the womb.”

The name Jesus, like most Jewish proper names, was significant. *Jesus* means *Saviour* and when we think that this name is manifold, and meets every necessity, we, with the poet, pay him tribute:

“All hail the power of Jesus’s name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all.”

Reolizing that the name *Jesus* is fraught with deep significance, and pregnant with meaning, let us inquire what are some of the characteristics of this “Wonderful Appellation.”

I. *It is above every name.* “God hath highly exalted him and given him a name that is above every name.”

As a physician is not his name above every name? A woman who had been afflicted twelve years, and “had spent all her living upon phy-

sicians, neither could be healed of any, came behind him, and touched the border of his garment and immediately she was made whole."

"Two blind men followed him, crying, and saying, Thou son of David, have mercy on us. And when he was come into the house, the blind men came to him: And Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They say unto him, Yea, Lord. Then he touched their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were healed." By word and touch he "healed all manner of diseases." Thus his name, as a physician, is above every name.

Is not his name, as a teacher, above every name? "He went up into the mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." Unparalleled teaching!

Again, "about the midst of the feast Jesus went up into the temple, and taught," and his teaching was so marvelous that it was said of him, "Never man spake like this man"—"And straightway on the Sabbath day he entered into the synagogue and taught. And they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one having authority," and, because he thus taught, he stirred the heart and stimulated the mind of the pupil.

The whole purpose of his teaching was to bring the will of man into harmony with the will of God. He used his scholarship to teach others how to live. He opened no school neither did he announce a course of study. "He is himself the great university of mankind, and every hungry soul becomes his pupil by the very fact of its hunger."

The teaching of Jesus is not alone the words which he spoke; it is also the deeds which he did, and the example of his own life. He was recognized by the greatest minds of his own day to be the great religious teacher whose coming was to fulfill the ideal hopes of centuries. It was not his words only that gave them this belief; it was their embodiment in his acts and their illustration in his character. Jesus was sent by God to deliver a divine message to man—a message of life. He revealed religious truth which was to be not only accepted but lived. He not only told men what this divine

truth was, but showed them by the life he lived.

Indeed, his name is above every name! In the striking language of another: "Ah, when the obelisk of fame shall have been erected, on which the heroic characters of earth shall have their names inscribed, there on its very apex, in letters of burning light, let the name of Jesus stand, the supremest of all earth's greatness."

II. *It is a precious name.* It is precious because it is the only name wherein we must be saved. "And in none other is there salvation. For neither is there any other name in heaven that is given among men wherein we must be saved."—How sublimely does the apostle, in those closing words shut up these rulers of Israel to Jesus for salvation, and in what universal and emphatic terms does he hold up his Lord as the only Hope of men! If men are saved it will be in the name of Jesus. The angel announced that he should save the people from their sins, and the inspired man of God writes, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." He "is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him." The Scriptures affirm that unto all who believe, his name is exceedingly precious. Yes,

"There is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still,
Along this thorny road:
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God."

He is precious in his promises. They have been our stay in time of despondency. Many halting, hesitating, and discouraged disciples have taken courage at the, "Lo, I am with you alway"—"be not dismayed, I will guide you, even unto the end."

"Oh, the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills my heart with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ."

III. *His name is a conquering name.* In the the ancient "classic" world, the people practiced drunkenness, licentiousness, and many other deplorable sins. And these things were a part of their religion. One needs but a glance into the history of the Anti-Christian days to see that the benighted people were barbarous and uncivilized. When Jesus came to this earth, it was wrapped in a great winding-

sheet of pagan darkness, "except the little narrow strip of Palestine, and even there God's own people had so far forsaken him that they had made his holy temple a den of thieves." Romans 3: 10-18, discloses their deplorable and heart-breaking condition. There you will find an awful picture of human depravity, but the name of Jesus conquered them.

Before the Anglo-Saxon race heard the name of Jesus, they were "semi-barbarous and half-civilized," but since they heard and received it, they have gone everywhere carrying education, refinement, culture, and lofty ideals. How do you account for this amazing change? This wonderful transformation? If you will but carefully look into the reason of the difference between their "first state and the last," you will find that the conquering name of Jesus played a grander part in bringing about this wonderful change, than all other things combined. "Righteousness exalteth the nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." The history of countries and peoples testify to the truthfulness of this passage of Scripture. Egypt, Greece, and Rome have gone down in their wickedness and shame, and their successors are the "strong and glorious nations whose God is the Lord."

Imagine yourself standing on an exceedingly "high mountain from which you can see all the kingdoms of this world." Pick out the free, enlightened, and happy countries, and

make of them one great world. Over against it place another world made up of the oppressed, dark, uncultivated, uncivilized, illiterate, and unhappy countries. What an awful contrast! Why this contrast? There can be but one answer. On one of them, the conquering name of Jesus is "a well of water springing up into everlasting life," while on the other it is never heard. His name will conquer when all else fails. It conquers nations and individuals.

John B. Gough "was once a miserable drunkard; about as near to hell as one can get this side, for he said he loved no one, and no one loved him. Indeed, he meditated suicide. He suffered from delerium tremens. He was a harness maker, and the leather clippings curled under his feet like snakes. The awl driven in one side, came out on the other a snake's head, with glittering eyes and forked tongue. No one thought he could be reformed. One night passing up the street of Worcester, a gentleman overtook him, laid his hand on his shoulder and said, 'Is that you, Mr. Gough?' He was greatly surprised, for nobody called him 'Mister then', and turning about he looked into the face of a comparative stranger and saw an outstretched hand. He was surprised again, for but few people were in the habit of shaking his hand. The hand took hold with a gentle grip, and he was surprised again, for the few people who shook his hand, let go coldly and

suddenly. Then the stranger began to picture the sunnier days of his life, and said, 'Would you not like to live them all over again?' The tears started to his eyes, and he answered, 'Yes sir, yes sir, but I can't do it now, sir. These fetters are too strong, sir.' But the hand held on and the voice went on pleading, till the poor man was almost forced to promise to attend a temperance meeting and sign the pledge. He went away from that interview and took another drink, so completely was he under the dominion of rum. But next morning he was quite sober, and said to himself, 'I have been untrue to myself, to my wife and child, prematurely in the grave, to my good mother, and to my God. For aught I know, no one cares for my soul now, except that man who pleaded with me last night. Shall I be untrue to him?' And so he kept sober that day, and went to the meeting; and with the hand, that had so often held the glass of poison, he signed the pledge, and stood up in his rags, and made his first temperance address, himself the best illustration of the awful ruin that rum will work. Loving arms had to be thrown around him for weary weeks, to keep him steady. But the touch of that friendly hand, and the conquering name of Jesus in that pleading voice of one who cared for his soul, was salvation to John B. Gough, and salvation to thousands of drunkards all over the world."

Again—"During the great famine in India

some years ago, one of our missionaries at Damoth picked up a starving orphan boy one morning. His father and mother had died of starvation and his own body was reduced to a mere skeleton, and he was unable to walk. He was put with the other four hundred boys that had been picked up during the dreadful famine and carefully nursed back to strength. Damaru's ancestors were of the lowest class in India. They were beggars and outcast, but this boy was bright and began to make splendid progress in the school. He developed into a broad-shouldered, muscular lad, and within a short time became a member of the church. In a few years he was president of the great Christian Endeavor Society at Damoth, and then he decided to become a minister of the gospel. He was sent to our Bible College in India, and graduated with honors. He was a poor, little starving skeleton that morning when the missionary picked him up. He did not look very promising, but the influence of the God-sent missionaries, the church and the Bible College, has made of him a splendid evangelist and preacher. This is the kind of work our missionaries are doing, and this incident certainly answers the question as to whether or not the name of Jesus is a conquering name.

My friend, every time you breathe, the name of Jesus is conquering somewhere; every time your heart beats, the name of Jesus is conquering somewhere; yea, more than this;

every time your watch ticks, the name of Jesus is conquering somewhere and somehow. And we are told that "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of the things in heaven and the things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

"At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of Kings in heaven will crown Him,
When our journey is complete."

IV. *It is a comforting name.* Jesus is acquainted with the needs of human life, and knows full well our need of a comforter. While he was on the earth, he supplied this need in the person of himself, and when it became necessary for him to leave the earth, he promised to send another comforter. This promise was fulfilled, and when the comforter came he gave us seasons of refreshments from the presence of the Lord. Oh, how the name of Jesus comforts the darkened and troubled soul. The poor widow of Nain had lost her only son. The Master's eye saw her furrowed brow, he saw the streaming tears, he heard the tempest of sorrow blowing across her troubled breast, and with a voice which must have trembled with compassion, said unto her, "weep not." In his name she found comfort. He came from among the everlastingly redeemed to

this earth and stands by the bedside of the languishing; by the penitent murderer; in the cell of the condemned criminal; by the side of the lonely "Homeless Wanderer"; by the small white coffin which contains mother's darling; by the "Silent Sea", and say, "Look to me I am the God of all comfort." His name to the heart means inexpressible comfort.

On Wednesday, December 29, 1897, F. H. Lemon went to the Altoona Cemetery to say good-bye again to the grave of his darling Odessa. The trackless snow, pure and white, had drifted deep over the mound. There he knelt in the deep snow and thanked God that he had given him the companionship of so noble a woman for a short time. His heart was sad, his home was broken and there as his face was bathed in tears, he thanked God for the comforting name of Jesus, and promised him that he would try and be good and pure and would meet her in the heavenly land. He seemed to hear her sweet, familiar voice singing, as in happy days gone by,

"Oh, the joy that there awaits me,
When I reach the golden shore,
When I grasp the hands of loved ones,
To part with them no more."

V. *It is an enduring name.* Infidels and other enemies say that the name of Jesus cannot be permitted to remain on the earth. That

it must go. On the other hand, there are millions of his followers who vow that it will abide even at the cost of their lives. Some years ago an infidel said, "In fifty years the influence of Jesus Christ will be erased from the earth." But let the same infidel attempt to erase Christ from history, and art, and he will soon discover that he has a "great stone to chisel away and a very dull chisel."

Think what one would be compelled to do before he could blot Jesus out of history. He would be compelled to destroy all prophecy and history written before he was born. Moses, David, Isaiah, and Daniel wrote about him. They told of his birth, his suffering, his trial, the words he uttered on the cross, his "parted vesture", and many other things about him hundreds of years before he came to the earth.

Again—to destroy the name of Jesus on earth, one would be compelled to destroy every Bible on the face of the earth. Go among the ice and snow covered Alps, and bring forth the precious old Bible that the Christians lost there while fleeing from the heartless Roman Catholics! Go to the "City of the Dead" and bring forth the old Book that was hidden when the Christians were persecuted by the Roman Emperors! The lonely missionary in India has the old Book. Go gather every copy of it and let the enemy apply the torch. Burn them! Is his name gone when the flames die away? Not so! Send out the host of Bible-

haters, and let them destroy all the histories, commentaries, printed sermons, religious literature of all kinds, dates, and every trace of Jesus' name on paper. Have they blotted his name out? No! Look at the houses of worship. There are enough of them, if placed together, to make a city more magnificent than Paris. Go on the inside of the houses of worship, and on the walls we see "Jesus". Accumulate all these houses, pictures, and Bibles and pile them five miles high. "Let infidels laugh as the flames shoot towards the stars, but the name of Jesus has not been erased from the earth." "Let the palaces and temples burn, we have Jesus left." In hearts he lives unhurt. His name will live on,

"Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of
worlds."

Friend, will you put your soul in his care? Will you conform your will to his? Will you conform your life to your Savior's demands? Will you trust him who is able to keep you from falling? Will you take into your heart his matchless name?

"Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go."

William Henry Cord

"They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and they that lead many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

Dan. 12 : 3.



N THIS LIFE, there are many sad duties which each of us have to perform, and as such, I deliver this message in commemoration of the life and service of one very dear to us all, and especially dear to me, and in the death of whom I suffer a great personal loss.

It is needless for me to say that I enter on this duty with trembling. I tremble because I feel that my talents are inadequate to the occasion, and that my strongest efforts, to do justice to his fragrant name, will be a failure. I know, however, that I am surrounded by

*Note—This address was delivered at Salt Lick., Ky., Sunday morning, April 10, 1910, and is here given substantially as spoken by the author of this book.

many of those who love him, and who will say in their hearts many things which I must leave unsaid.

While I speak to you today, the body of William Henry Cord is lying honored and loved, in a near-by city, and we cherish the inspiring hope that his soul is with Christ in the mansions prepared for those who love him; that that undying soul, made white as snow by the blood of the Lamb, is now among the redeemed of all nations, and peoples, and tongues, and enjoying the fruits of its labors in the full glory of that life which shall never end.

Having been his "Timothy in the faith", as he once expressed it, for nearly five years, I feel that I know him, and, therefore, I wish to speak today of him as a preacher, as a teacher, and as a Christian man.

As a preacher and pastor, but few of his superiors have been among us. He made the church's problems and troubles his own, and their joys his joys. He always had a cheerful word for the distressed of his congregation, and did all in his power to make men and women truer, better, and nobler in the work of the Master. He gathered strong men about him; organized them, and disposed of his forces to the best strategic advantage, but he lead in every charge—by word and example. For the church, he set the spiritual standard high, and clung close to the Word of God. His

sermons were clear, forcible and convincing. His methods were simply careful thought and preparation, and then tireless, enthusiastic, aggressive work. He knew no such word as *fail*, and if he became discouraged but few people knew it.

He, like the Apostle Paul, preached Jesus Christ and him crucified. Standing on this very platform, he raised his strong right arm, "pointed towards Golgotha" and said, "Friends, look yonder at Calvary! Look at your dying Saviour! Look at that crown of thorns! Look at his pierced hands and feet—torn and bleeding! Look at his pierced side! Look at 'Christ crucified' for the sins of the world! For your sins and mine! WHY? Because he loved us! Behold that awful scene of blood and dying! Behold your loving Saviour!" And then with tears winding their way down his cheeks, he added, "If that scene will not draw men and women unto him, my words are in vain."

His manner in the pulpit, whether of action or utterance, indicated deep earnestness. His style was so plainly marked by this attribute, that even a child could not fail to see it. The points of his sermons were always carefully chosen, satisfactorily argued, and clearly illustrated.

His reverence for God's house was self-evident. He knew that a reverence was due the holy place; recognized the presence of

God, and contended that the things of the world ought not find entrance. When he entered the house which had been dedicated to the Lord, he felt that the charge given to Moses had its meaning for him: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." He condemned very strongly the irreverence with which so many thoughtless people entered the church--the sacred place where God meets man. While drawing near to God in the church, he desired to be drawn yet closer towards Him in faith and love. How great was his reverence for his Father's house!

He contended "earnestly for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints." Lovingly and convincingly, he declared that no faith or revelation was to supersede it. He knew that unswerving fidelity to this faith was a duty which he owed, not only to himself, but to the Church and the world. And on the ground of truth and justice he fearlessly defended it.

But great as he was as a preacher and pastor, he was greater as a teacher. Those of you who were present on the night that I introduced him as the one who had come to deliver the message of life, recall that he said of himself, "I am a teacher—not a preacher."

He had a thorough and fresh knowledge of the subject taught. This he conceded to be an essential condition of successful instruction.

This won our confidence, awakened interest, and held our attention. By the clearness, accuracy, and fullness of his instruction he won the high esteem of more than five thousand young men and young women who attended his classes, most of whom are living lights in the world.

How patient he was! No matter how poor our efforts were, if they were our best, he would patiently and kindly lead us to our best statement of the facts we were to recite. He, like Jesus, was always patient with the honest learner. No word fell unguarded or impatiently from his lips. Surely his morning prayer was, "Heavenly Father, help me to be patient today; gentle with my pupils, to make them better for having lived among them this day; may I not, in an unguarded moment, utter an impatient sentence to any of them; may I 'in patience' possess my soul."

Professor Cord was our counselor. When the problems of life were too difficult for us, we took them to him. We always found him willing and able to help us. We learned to lean upon him in the critical turns of life, and he counseled us with the tender solicitude of a father. We *knew* that, in him, we had a wise counselor, who had our best interests at heart. He watched with diligence over us, studied closely our individual needs, and adapted his counsel accordingly.

The love that he had for us was one of the greatest attributes which distinguished him as

a teacher. He loved the *obedient* boy, and linked himself to the *wayward* with the same true affection. His great loving heart knew our hearts! With love his school was made a home. His love was so true that it took hold of the pupil's future, and saw even in the thoughtless and erring the possibility of a noble man or woman. This love lifted up the fallen, carried light into darkened spirits, and inspired the soul to greater efforts.

And yet it is not my whole purpose to speak of him as a preacher and pastor, and as a teacher, for, he was far greater as a Christian man.

One thing in his character which the observer could not fail to see was his faith in Christ and his willingness to be lead by him. This faith was not born in one day. It was a life-long faith. How truly does the grand old hymn express his implicit trust in the Lord:

“It may not be on the mountain’s height
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle’s front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if, by a still, small voice,
He calls to paths I do not know,
I’ll answer: ‘Dear Lord, with my hand in
Thine’
I’ll go where you want me to go.”

Perhaps today there are loving words,
Which Jesus would have me speak;
There may be now in the paths of sin

Some wanderer whom I should seek;
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my guide;
Tho' dark and rugged the way,
My voice shall echo the message sweet,
I'll say what you want me to say.

There's surely somewhere a lowly place
In earth's harvest field so wide,
Where I may labor thro' life's short day,
For Jesus the Crucified;
So, trusting my all to Thy tender care,
And knowing Thou lovest me,
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere,
I'll be what you want me to be."

Another trait of his character which I greatly admired was his Christian courage. Arrayed in the whole armor of God, he went forth in defense of right. He stood for the right, and had Christian courage to express his honest convictions. Wherever sin reared its ugly head, he stood ready to strike it down. He saw no place in the kingdom of God for a moral coward. His voice rose boldly against any evil that might rise in the community, town, or city. With drawn sword, he rushed forward to do his part in the army of righteousness. He had courage to do right. Christ-like courage! And this courage lead him to stand firm on conscientious principles, and made him faithful to truth and right. He never compromised with what he believed to be wrong.

“It went against his heart;
He could not do it.”

This leads me to Paul’s description of a Christian soldier as given in the sixth chapter of the letter to the Ephesians: “Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, take the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints; and for me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an ambassador in bonds: that therein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak.”

Not one piece of this glorious armor did William H. Cord fail to put on.

Thus arrayed in the whole armor of God, and with the energy of a tireless worker, he went about always performing Christian service. The thought came to him that the only way to serve God was to serve man. This he began by serving the "school-boy." Like the greatest of servants, his whole life affords an example of service. Indeed, he took upon himself the form of a servant. Being like his Master, he proclaimed the wonderful truth, "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." When he entered the ranks under the banner of Jesus Christ, he began a life of service. This service consisted in doing things for the betterment of humanity—training young men and young women for life's duties and life's responsibilities. And I say unto you that no higher type of Christian service could he have rendered! How full of useful service was his exceedingly active life! Yea, he served heroically up to the very moment that the angel of the Lord hovered over him and whispered the summons of departure!

The closing scene of his life came with a tremendous shock. He died suddenly and unexpectedly. In a moment, before friends could gather to witness the last scene, to say goodbye, he was numbered with the dead. As swiftly as morning light, his spirit "glided into the company of the great and mighty angels,

passed into the dread light and amazement of eternity, learned the great secret, and gazed upon the wonderful splendors of the eternal world."

With what bewilderment do we stand as a man falls at our feet stricken down by an Almighty hand in the early years of his greatest usefulness! Why, in the providence of God, should he be taken while so many who are seemingly less useful remain? Why should this devoted husband, affectionate father, faithful preacher, tactful teacher, and consecrated christian be thus taken? It is one of the things that passeth human understanding. We now see through a glass darkly, but "some day we'll understand."

And may all those who have been stricken so sorely be made to feel that the Lord doeth all things well, that the Lord God almighty is their great Comforter, and their Stay. In these hours of sadness, may they feel that there is no one to whom they can go but their God. And may they hear the great voice, as never before, rolling down through the ages, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Come unto me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distrest,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly
Father,
Come unto me and I will give you rest!"

Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers
were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes were
waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit wreaths
are crowned.

Large are the mansions in the Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly
hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers that earth too rudely
passed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me and I will give you rest."



God's Will Concerning Sinners

The Lord is not willing that any should perish,
but that all should come to repentance.

II. Peter 3 : 9.



OD has always stood in a friendly attitude toward the sinner, and has made it possible for him to turn and live. He is not willing that any should perish. In his great wisdom and power he stretches opportunity of repentance to its utmost limit. He does not desire that any, yea, even that the scoffers, should perish. He gives warning after warning, until the utter hopelessness of any further warning is made quite plain, and the cup of self-willedness and iniquity is quite full. Of course, God cannot save the sinner if he will not repent. It is impossible. "Sin is damnation, and if man will go everlasting in sin, he will be everlasting lost." That it is not God's will that the sinner should perish is proved by what he has done to save him.

I. *He has thrown about him innumerable christianizing influences.*

1. The greatest influence that God uses to save the sinner is the BIBLE. Our own Herbert Moninger, in writing of the Bible's influence upon the world said, "'By their fruits ye shall know them', is the safest foundation for judgment ever laid down. If you draw a line around the countries where the greatest freedom is enjoyed and the highest civilization flourishes, you will find that you have included the countries where the people believe in christianity, and exclude those where it has very little or no influence. Wherever the Bible has gone it has sweetened the home, exalted womanhood, sanctified the cradle and redeemed man." It was the influence of the Bible alone that has raised womanhood to such a lofty elevation. President Angell, of Michigan University, said; "The attention of the traveler is strikingly arrested by the surprising contrast in the position accorded to woman in christian and non-christian countries. Often as I contemplated the wretched lot of women in Asia did the pathetic words in which Goethe makes Ephignia pour forth her pathetic plaint spring to my lips: 'The condition of woman is lamentable.' Those words might be inscribed as an appropriate inscription on the gates of cities and on the door-posts of the houses in the eastern world. Woman is doomed in ignorance. She is the slave and drudge of man. Her mind is not deemed worthy of cultivation. I know of nothing in all the east so painful to the view

of men from a Christian land as the condition of woman." It is only where the Bible has gone that woman is recognized as a companion of man, and the only difference between the women in India, China, Africa, and other degraded countries, and the women of America, is that which the Bible makes. The Bible purifies nations and saves them from hell! Not only is this true of nations: it is true of the individual. He does not get very far on the path of sin before he is confronted by the sacred influence of the Holy Bible. With its warnings, with its invitations, with its pictures of God and his love, it stands as a great influence for good. A single verse of its inspired contents has frequently turned the individual from the error of his way. Hundreds of men have been turned to God by, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord," and thousands of men have been turned out of the path of sin by, "Prepare to meet thy God."

"Holy Bible book divine,
Precious treasure, thou are mine,
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to tell me what I am;

Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show a Saviour's love,
Mine thou art to guide and guard,
Mine to punish or reward;

Mine to comfort in distress,
Suff'ring in this wilderness,
Mine to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom,
Oh, thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine."

2. Another wonderful influence that God has thrown around the sinner to save him is, the influence of a *christian mother*. Aside from the Bible, there is no power in the world so potent for good as a christian mother's influence. The mother has an influence over the child's early life that none but a mother can have. A Scottish proverb that is frequently quoted says, "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy," and it is true. In the world's broad field of activity there are many callings in which the woman can make her life count for much towards making the world happier, better, and more Christlike. She may teach school, she may write books, she may go to the mission field and do errands of mercy, but she can make her life count for most in the home. Her influence, in the home, is mightier than swords in shaping the destiny of nations. In the home, worthy men and women are trained for the world's needs. Hannah, the mother of Samuel, led the child to the Lord. John the Baptist had a noble mother in Elizabeth. There

was only one person on earth that Napoleon Bonaparte obeyed, and that was his mother. One time he was asked what he considered the greatest need of France and his answer was, "What France needs is more good mothers." Brandt said, "The first twenty years of my life was spent in the presence of a christian mother, and her influence has always been before me, as a restraint from doing wrong, and to help to encourage me in doing right." Throughout life, the influence of a christian mother is an inspiration. One might as well try to blot out the sun! It is to be treasured and cherished as one of the richest and rarest blessings.

G. C. Lorimer said, "I do not know what you feel, but I always like to find out what were the influences which tended to form the religious character in man; and an overwhelming majority of cases I find a convert saying: 'I can never forget the day when my mother laid her hands on my head and tried to teach me to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' Someone asked, 'Under whose preaching were you converted?' 'I was converted,' was the reply, 'under my grandmother's influence.''"

"During our Civil War one of our poor lads was seriously wounded. His mother hastened to the camp and tried to see him. The doctor said, 'No woman is admitted to the tent.' But she said, 'A nurse is going in.' 'She

is a stranger,' 'replied the doctor; but if you his mother, go in, he will get excited, and it will be injurious.' 'Well, then, let me stay outside the tent, where I can hear all that goes on.' So, dear soul, she sat there hour after hour, till the night and the day passed. Then, hearing that the boy was sleeping, she asked to be allowed to go in and just touch her lad. She put her hand very softly on his brow, when there came the murmur upon the boy's lips, 'Mother!' Do you know, that subtle power that the boy himself recognized symbolizes to me that deeper power by which the mother's influence follows her lad wherever he goes, though he may be at the uttermost ends of the earth? There will rise before him your face, there will come the touch of your spiritual hand, and in some solemn moment upon his knees before God he will give his heart to God. By and by he will be asked in heaven how he came there, and he will reply, 'Through my mother.' "

3. God has thrown the influence of kindness around the sinner to save him. Mrs. Hedgeman says: "I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again," and Faber has well said that, "kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence or learning."

Once I read a story written by R. A. Torrey, Superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, which impressed me more deeply than any story I ever read along the same line. A christian lady, as I recall the story, was standing in a window which opened on Bleeker Street, New York. A degraded drunkard came down the street. He had been mayor of a Southern city, but had gone to ruin through drink. He was an outcast. He had made up his mind to commit suicide. He started to the river, and as he walked down Bleeker Street, he turned into a public house and asked for a drink. He told the bar-keeper that he had no money to pay for it, and the "red-nosed monster" came around from behind the bar and kicked him out into the gutter. The christian woman, looking out of the window, saw the poor wretch picking himself up out of the gutter, and crossed over and wiped the mud off his face with her handkerchief, and said, "Come over in there. It is warm and bright and you will be welcome." He went over and sat down behind the stove. His heart was touched. The spark of humanity was fanned into a flame, and he rose to real manhood once more. Finally he was made manager of one of the largest publishing houses in New York City. One day he came to the christian lady who showed him the little kindness and said, "I have some friends down at the hotel. I want you to meet them." She went to the

hotel, and he introduced her to his wife and daughter. They were refined cultured ladies whom he had left and gone down to the very verge of hell. Kindness saved him!

"Do a kindness, do it well;
Angels will the story tell.

Do a kindness, tell it not;
Angels hands will mark the spot.

Do a kindness, though 'tis small;
Angel voices sing it all.

Do a kindness, never mind!
What you lose the angels find!

Do a kindness, do it now;
Angels know it all somehow.

Do a kindness any time;
Angels weave it into rhyme.

Do a kindness, it will pay;
Angels will rejoice that day.

Kindly deeds and thoughts and words
Bless the world like songs of birds."

4. God has thrown the influence of the cross around the sinner to save him. A backward look of nineteen hundred and eleven years will bring sinners to the cross on which their Saviour is dying. They gather around it. On that cross hangs a man, the Son of Man,

the Son of God. On that cross hangs Jesus of Nazareth. On that cross hangs the best friend they ever had. They look upon the wounds, they see the stripes, they behold the mock crown, and are shocked at the thrusting of the Roman spear into the Saviour's heart, and the stream of mingled blood and water which gushed forth. They shudder at the driving of iron spikes through his hands and feet. They watch him bear the excruciating pain, and deep down in their hearts a "still small voice" whispers, "He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and as one from whom men hid their face he was despised; and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, yet when he was afflicted he opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and as for his generation, who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living

for the transgressions of my people to whom the stroke was due. And they made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich man in his death; although he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth. Yet it pleased Jehovah to bruise him; he hath put him to grief; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of Jehovah shall prosper in his hand. He shall see the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by the knowledge of himself shall my righteous servant justify many; and he shall bear their iniquities. Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors: yet he bare the sins of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."

"Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee
And pray to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven."

5. *The hope of life beyond the grave is another influence which GOD throws around the sinner to save him.* The weeping mother receives the baby's farewell kiss, and the little sufferer raises his little white hands, embraces and kisses the angel that has come to

take him home. The angel takes him up in strong arms and carries him up through the starry regions to the home of God's jewels, and puts him down at the eternal gateway. That mother knows that her darling lives beyond the grave. She knows that beyond this life her child lives forever. Yes, there are,

"Beautiful hands at the gateway tonight,
Faces all shining with radiant light,
Eyes looking down from yon heavenly home,
Beautiful hands that are beckoning come.

Beautiful hands of a little one, see!
Baby voice calling, O mother, to thee!
Rosy-cheeked darling, the light of our home—
Taken so early—is beckoning come."

Oh, ye tired mothers, look up to God! "Wherefore, lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees, and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way, but let it rather be healed." "Why art thou cast down, Oh, my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God."

"Then why should I dream of the earthly abode,
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
Where my spirit but turned from the outward
and dim,
It could gaze even now on the presence of him."

Paul was convinced that there was life beyond the grave. When about to leave the world, he stretched his eyes across the river of death and said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me on that day."

Job asked the question, "If man die shall he live again?" If he should come to the earth today and answer his own question, he would be heard to say:

"There's a home in the skies where the weary will rest,
A glorious home in the land of the blest;
There tears will be wiped from the sorrowful eye,
And the broken heart will forget to sigh.

From earth, such a barren and desolate waste,
We may long too, to that happier world to haste,
For though this planet seems lovely and gay,
Like shadows, its pleasures are passing away.

No pestilence rides on the wings of the air,
No wave of affliction or sorrow is there;
In darkness that region shall never be furled,
For the smile of the Lord is the light of that world."

Doing the Greater Works

Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father.

Jno. 14 : 11-12.



HE personal ministry of Jesus was given largely to setting forth the proof that he was the Messiah, the Son of God. The great miracles he wrought while on earth were for the benefit of humanity, and to prove his divinity. He wrought no miracle for the sake of miracle; to attract attention; to be seen of men; nor merely because he could do so, but that men might believe. "And many other signs truly did Jesus, in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name."

When Christ said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also," he was, beyond a doubt, speaking to his disciples, assuring them that they should do works similar to those which he had done, or in other words—perform miracles similar to those which he had performed.

I. Let us notice some of the works which Jesus did.

He opened the eyes of the blind. "Two blind men followed him, crying out, and saying, Have mercy on us, thou Son of David. And when he was come into the house, the two blind men came to him: and Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They say unto him, Yea, Lord. Then he touched their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it done unto you. And their eyes were opened."

He cast out demons. "And straightway on the Sabbath day he entered into the synagogue and taught. And they were astonished at his teaching: for he taught them as having authority, and not as the scribes. And straightway there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit: and he cried out, saying, What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Nazarene? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God. And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him. And the unclean spirit, tearing

him and crying with a loud voice, came out of him."

He healed the sick. "And when Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw his wife's mother lying sick of fever. And he touched her hand, and the fever left her; and she arose and ministered unto him."

He healed the man with the withered hand. Jesus "went into their synagogue: and behold, a man having a withered hand. And they asked him, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? that they might accuse him. And he said unto them, What man shall there be of you, that shall have one sheep, and if this fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it and lift it out? How much then is a man of more value than a sheep! Wherefore it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath. Then saith he to the man, stretch forth thy hand. And he stretched it forth; and it was restored whole, as the other."

He raised the dead. "And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes; and his face was bound with a napkin. Jesus said unto them, Loose him and let him go." Here is another wonderful miracle. One writer thinks that this was the most wonderful of all his miracles. Lazarus had been dead for four days, but the great voice of God's Son called him back to life again. Surely the cul-

mination of his miracles was raising this man from the dead!

II. *Did the Apostles do such works?*

Paul cast out an evil spirit. I presume that there are but few Christians who do not remember the vision which appeared unto the Apostle Paul in which "there stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us." Stretching his eyes across the Aegean Sea, from Troas on the north-east, to the Macedonian hills, visible on the north-west, the Apostle could hardly fail to think this the destined scene of his future labors. Accordingly he and his companions set sail from Troas; sailed to Samothrace, and the day following to Neapolis; and from thence to Philippi, which is a city of Macedonia," and here they tarried certain days. And on the Sabbath day they went forth without the gate by the river side, where there was, as they supposed, a place of prayer. "And it came to pass," says Luke, "as we were going to the place of prayer, that a certain maid having a spirit of divination met us, who brought her masters much gain by soothsaying. The same following after Paul and cried out, saying, These men are the servants of the Most High God, who proclaim unto you the way of salvation. And this she did for many days. But Paul, being sore troubled, turned and said to the spirit, I charge thee in the name of Jesus

Christ to come out of her. And it came out of her that very hour."

Paul healed the sick. We are told that the inhabitants of Malta received the shipwrecked mariners, among whom was the Apostle Paul, with kindness, and kindled a fire, which was most needful in the cold and rain. Paul was helping gather sticks, and had just laid a bundle on the fire, when a viper, driven out by the heat, fastened on his hand. The superstitious natives watched and said among themselves, "at all events this man is a murderer, whom saved from the sea, justice suffereth not to live." But when, after Paul had quickly shaken off the reptile into the fire, they watched a long time in vain to see him swell and fall down dead, they changed their minds and said that he was a god. The incident not only gave Paul that ascendancy over the people which we well know how he would use, but it would naturally attract the attention of Publius, the primate of the island, whose estates were in the neighborhood. He received the Apostle's party with courteous hospitality. "And it was so, that the father of Publius lay sick of fever and dysentery: unto whom Paul entered in, and prayed, and laying his hands on him healed him. And when this was done, the rest also that had diseases in the island came, and were cured."

Peter and John healed a lame man. Peter and John were going up into the temple at the

hour of prayer "And a certain man that was lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the door of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple; who seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple, asked to receive an alms. And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him, with John, said, Look on us. And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something from them. But Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but what I have, that give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk. And he took him by the right hand, and raised him up: and immediately his feet and his ankle-bones received strength. And leaping up, he stood, and began to walk: and he entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God."

Peter raised the dead. At Joppa, the ancient port of Solomon, lived a certain disciple named Dorcas, the name of whom has become the type of greater loveliness of that charity with which she clothed the poor by the labor of her hands. She "was full of good works and alms deeds which she did. And it came to pass in those days, that she fell sick and died: and when they had washed her, they laid her in an upper chamber. And as Lydda was nigh unto Joppa, the disciples, hearing that Peter was there, sent two men unto him, entreating him, Delay not to come unto us. And Peter arose and went with them. And

when he was come, they brought him to the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them. But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed; and turning to the body, he said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes; and when she saw Peter, she sat up, and he gave her his hand, and raised her up; and calling the saints and widows he presented her alive."

Thus investigation discloses the fact that "the works, which Jesus did, his Apostles did also." Jesus cast out evil spirits, healed the withered hand, cured the sick, and raised the dead. The Apostles did these things also. Surely the "greater works" which he promised them that they should do, were not performing miracles.

Thus we are lead to inquire:

III. *What were the greater works which his apostles were to do?* Beyond a doubt the "greater works" were the conversion of thousands in a day, and proclaiming the gospel in its fullness, or in other words, they announced the full law of pardon, which was a greater work than miracles. When Peter preached the first gospel sermon under the commission, three thousand answered the first invitation, and already does he realize the "greater work" that had been committed to their hands.

Proclaiming the full gospel is greater work than miracles because:

1. It is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth. No one will doubt for a moment that God's powers are many, and that he uses all of them for the benefit of man. Water is God's power to quench thirst, and food is God's power to quell hunger—and these have been put in our reach. God's power manifests itself in the forces of nature around us. We see it in the mighty ocean; in the river; in the lake; in the brook, and in the spring. We see it in the snow capped Alps; in the hills, and in the moss covered mound. We see it in the giant oak of the forest; in the shrub bending beneath the weight of the thrush, and in the violet blooming by the wayside. His power is seen in all creation, but in the gospel of Jesus Christ is manifest the "power of God unto salvation." Men have had power to conquer the world by force of arms. A powerful people had power to render Britain tributary; to paint Rhine crimson with blood, but these powers were not able to forgive the sins of man. Only the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and when the Apostles were proclaiming it, they were doing greater work than working miracles. Greater because the soul is greater than the body; greater to feed the soul on the bread of life, than to feed the multitudes with loaves and fishes; greater to open their minds to see Jesus as their Saviour,

than to open the eyes of blind Bartimeus, and greater to raise a man from the depths of sin than to raise Lazarus from the grave. Proclaiming the gospel is greater work than miracles, not only because it is "the power of God unto salvation," but because:

2. It is a satisfying power. As we look upon what the world calls satisfaction, we conclude that this is an age in which no man is satisfied. In the commercial world, man is not satisfied. In the educational world, man is not satisfied. In the world of invention, man knows no satisfaction. He is walking in safety on the bottom of the sea, but is not satisfied. Our own dear Brother John William McGarvey, who was, only yesterday, consigned to mother earth, said, "Indeed, man is fast making the ocean a plaint servant; and, though he may never be able to say to it, 'Peace, be still,' it seems that he will be able to say: Go on your way, wild wind and waves, and, in spite of your fury, I will go on mine." He sails through the air like a huge eagle rushing for rich prey, and thunders across the continent like a cyclone rushing down the western plain. Yet, man longs for greater things—for greater achievements. The stupendous achievements of man, as the world counts achievement, do not satisfy. Only the gospel will satisfy in the highest and fullest sense. It is the gospel that enables man to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though the fire devour this body, yet in my

flesh I shall see the Lord.' " It was this satisfying gospel which enabled Paul to say, "I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto them also that love his appearing." Is it not the gospel that sustains us in trouble?

"There was a minister who often said to his people, 'God is good, and is able to make his people happy.' His only son—a bright darling boy—died very suddenly. The day for his funeral came. The coffin was lowered into the grave. Another minister was conducting the funeral. Just before he finished the service, he asked the weeping father if he had anything to say. Most of his congregation was standing around the grave. The sorrowing minister replied, 'Yes, I would like to say a few words.' He said, 'My friends, when I was in no trouble, you have often heard me say that God is good, and always able to make his people happy. And now, here, as I stand beside the grave of my darling boy, I can say from my heart, God is good, and I am satisfied even in my sorrow.' " That satisfying gospel made him acquainted with God who doeth all things well, and who loves us with an everlasting love.

The preaching of the gospel produces love in the hearts of men, which is greater than all spiritual gifts. "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging symbol. And if I have the gift of all prophecy, and know all mystery and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether they be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child; now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known. But

now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love."

The Bible is correctly called the record of God's love. Every page is a record of God, and His love. Who can read the story of Ruth, and fail to see love in it? Who can read the story of Absalom, and fail to see love in it? It was love which led the old father to the gate saying, "O, Absalom, my son, my son." Do you not see love in the story of Jacob grieving for his children. It was love which caused him to cry out, "Me ye have bereft of my children. Joseph is not; Simeon is not, and now you will take Benjamin from me." Yea, God himself is love! Christ loves us with an infinite love! He came to earth to prove this love, he walked up and down the earth to prove this love, he served to prove this love, he suffered to prove this love, he sacrificed to prove this love, he died to prove this love, he rose from the dead, and ascended "to prepare a mansion for" us. WHY? Because he loves us!

"Saviour! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me."

IV. *Can we do greater works than miracles?*

The modern Bible-school is doing greater work than miracles. Speaking of the Bible-

school, Horace Bushell said, "It is the greatest work in the world, sometimes I think it is the only work," and Luther said, "God maintains the church through the schools." The Bible-school seems to have heard the admonition of Solomon, "Train up a child in the way it should go," and has cheerfully taken the responsibility of religious training upon its own shoulders. Concerning his word, God said unto Moses, "Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." Through every department of Bible-school, there is greater work than miracles being done. The Home Department, the Adult Department, the Intermediate, the Junior Department, the Primary Department, and the Cradle Roll, are the channels through which hundreds are brought into the kingdom yearly.

Again, who can tell how far into eternity the influence of a consecrated Bible-school superintendent will extend? None but God knows. "A New York Bible-school superintendent urged his teachers to bring new pupils with them next Sunday, and as he walked down Sixth Avenue, attempted himself, to win a street-boy. 'Will you go to Sunday-school?', he said, and in the vernacular of the street the boy said, 'Nop'. The superintendent said, 'We have picture-papers for every boy,' and he would not come. 'We have music, we have everything to make you have a good time,' and the boy steadily refused. Disap-

pointed, the superintendent turned away, and when he had gone a short distance he heard the patter of little feet behind him, and turning back he saw the boy. He said with an earnest eager look, 'Mister, are you there?', and the superintendent said, 'Yes, I am there.' 'Well,' he said, 'next Sunday I'll be there.' " And he was! That consecrated superintendent did a greater work than miracles. I wish we might follow his influence, and see the harvest which was reaped from his sowing! Is not the work of a faithful Bible-school teacher greater than miracles? How many have been brought to Christ by her sacred influence! The faithful teacher is one of God's best instruments on earth for the salvation of our young men, young women and boys and girls. The inspired man of old looked down through the ages and beheld the work of the modern Bible-school teachers, and said of them, "They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and they that lead many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

"The Sunday School Lighthouse shines out on life's wave,

It beams for all nations, their children to save;
Thro' Calvary's cross and thro' Bethlehem's cave
The light shines from glory with power to save.

The channels are narrow, sin's breakers are there,
Life's ocean is strew'd with wrecks of despair;
Then build up, my brother, no time for delay,

The Sunday School Lighthouse and save them
today.

The workers are needed, the teachers are few,
The Master, my brother, depends upon you;
Don't wait for some wasted life wreck'd on the
shoals,

The Sunday School Lighthouse must save lives and
souls.

Where Unbelief's waves roll and storms are most
fierce,

The Sunday School Lighthouse that dark gloom
must pierce;

'Tis the gleam of that Star which at Bethlehem
shone,

The Sunday School Lighthouse will light the way
home."

In the next place the work of our missionaries is greater work than miracles. Sue Robinson, who converted Jeu Hawk and afterward went to India as a missionary, and died from cholera, did a greater work than performing miracles. "David Livingston that consummate hero, who dared four attacks of fever and then died upon his knees surrounded only by the sable sons of Africa that he might open up its dark recesses to the missionary," did a greater work than miracles.

A christian missionary was performing mission duties among the poor and sad people of London, England. He found a woman dying in want and misery, and asked her what she

wanted most. A grand answer came from her parched lips. That answer was, "I have Christ—what want I more." A poet heard the striking story, and sat down and wrote the following lines showing the world that it is greater to die in Christ than to do miracles.

"In the heart of London City,
Mid the dwellings of the poor,
These bright golden words were uttered:
'I have Christ—what want I more.'"

By a lonely dying woman,
Stretched upon a garret floor,
Having not one earthly blessing:
'I have Christ—what want I more.'

He who heard them ran to bring her
Something from the worlds great store;
It was needless, died she saying:
'I have Christ—what want I more.'

But her words will live forever,
I repeat them o'er and o'er.
God delights to hear me saying
'I have Christ—what want I more.'"



That Which Was Lost

For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

Luke 19 : 10.



AN was created in the image of God ; he had constant access to his maker, enjoyed free communion with him, and perfect holiness was impressed upon the very nature and faculties of his soul. But, alas ! man disobeyed, and "the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from which he was taken," and to "eat of the herb of the field." Man's absolute purity is gone, and his happiness forfeited. But his ruin is not hopeless, for :

I. *The son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost.*

This was his mission. He came from heaven the eternal abiding place of God, that we might have life. He left the glory that he had with the Father before the world was. He became poor that we through his poverty might become

rich. He left his throne and came to this world, his footstool, whereon he had no place to lay his head. He laid aside his heavenly glory, and was seen walking in the form of man. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Amazing condescension! in thus abasing himself. Born in Bethlehem, of a humble Gallileean woman, and lain in a manger because there was no room for him in the inn. He came as a servant, to minister, and to seek and to save that which was lost. Moses went forth to deliver the Hebrews; Abraham went forth in search of the mount which the Lord would show him; Paul went forth to preach the gospel to those in Macedonia; Alexander went forth to conquer the world; Caesar went forth to subdue his enemies; Mr. Peary went forth to discover the North pole; Columbus went forth to discover a new world, and Livingston went forth to explore dark Africa, but the Son of Man went forth from heaven and came to this world to weep over Jerusalem, to weep with the sisters of Lazarus, "to preach good tidings to the poor," "to proclaim release to the captives," and to seek and to save that which was lost. The grandest mission on which man has ever gone! Behold how wisely he illustrates his mission.

"Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him. And the

Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them. And he spake this parable unto them saying, What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which was lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing: And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and his neighbors saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-nine just persons, which need no repentance.

Either a woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbours together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Jesus seeks diligently until he finds the lost, and the angels of God "rejoice at the find."

II. *Consider the world into which Christ came.*

1. He came into a world of sinners. Paul,

speaking of the Gentiles, frankly gave the world a description of them, in which he says that they had refused to have God in their knowledge, being filled with unrighteousness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, strife, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, hateful to God, insolent, haughty, boastful, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without mercy, and without natural affection.

And he seems to have vouched for the truthfulness of that which was written of the Jews: "There is none righteous, no not one: There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They have all turned aside, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not so much as one: Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways: and the way of peace they have not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes."

In searching the history of mankind, we find the cause of his corruption and condemnation in Eden. The eating of the "forbidden tree" was "the offense of one" in consequence of which "many are dead." He disobeyed the divine law, and,

“Brought death into the world, and
all our woe.”

Indeed, the first sin of our foreparents was the greatest ingratitude to the divine bounty. He rebelled, and joined in league with hell against heaven; with satan against God, and opened the door to all wicked and abominable passions. The flood-gates of wickedness have been thrown open, and the deluge of sin has swept the world. From the crown of man’s head to the soles of his feet, there is nothing but wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores. Yea, who shall describe the condition of fallen man!

“Suppose a vast grave-yard, surrounded by a lofty wall, with only one entrance, which is by a massive iron gate, and it is fast bolted. Within are thousands and millions of human beings, of all ages and classes, by one epidemic disease bending toward the grave. The graves yawn to swallow them, and they must all perish. There is no balm to relieve, no physician there. Such is the condition of man as a sinner. All have sinned; and it is written ‘The soul that sinneth shall die.’ But while the unhappy race lay in the dismal prison, mercy came and stood at the gate, and wept over the sad scene, exclaiming, ‘Oh, that I might enter! I would bind up their wounds; I would relieve their sorrows; I would save their souls!’ An embassy of angels commissioned from the court of heaven to some other world, paused at the sight, and heaven forgave the pause. Seeing

mercy standing there, they cried: 'Mercy, canst thou not enter? Canst thou look upon that scene and not pity?' Mercy replied: 'I can see,' and in her tears she added, 'I can pity but cannot relieve.' 'Why canst thou not enter?' inquired the heavenly host. 'Oh!', said Mercy, 'Justice has barred the gate against me, and I must not—cannot unbar it.' At this moment, Justice appeared, as if to watch the gate. The angels asked, 'Why wilt not thou suffer Mercy to enter?' He sternly replied: 'The law is broken, and it must be honored.' 'Die they or Justice must.' Then appeared a form among the angelic band like unto the Son of Man. To Justice, He said, 'What are thy demands?' Justice replied: 'My demands are rigid; I must have ignominy for this honor, sickness for their health, death for their life. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission!' 'Justice,' said the Son of Man, 'I accept thy terms.' 'On me be this wrong.' 'Let Mercy enter and stay the carnival of death.' 'What pledge dost thou give for the performance of these conditions?' 'My word, my oath!' 'When wilt thou perform them?' 'Four thousand years hence on the hill of Calvary, without the walls of Jerusalem.' The bond was prepared, and signed and sealed in the presence of the attendant angels. Justice was satisfied, the gate was opened and Mercy entered, preaching salvation in the name of Jesus. The bond was committed to patriarchs and

prophets. A long series of rites and ceremonies, sacrifices and obligations, was instituted to perpetuate the memory of the Salemn deed. At the close of the four thousandeth year, Justice and Mercy appeared on the hill of Calvary. 'Where,' said Justice, 'is the Son of God?' 'Behold him,' answered Mercy, 'at the foot of the hill.' And there he came, bearing his own cross, and followed by his weeping church. Jesus ascended the hill like a lamb for the sacrifice. The bond was nailed to the cross, and when the blessed Son of God cried, 'It is finished,' rose from the dead, gave the commission, and ascended to heaven, grace abounded, and the free gift has come upon all, and the gospel has gone forth proclaiming redemption to every creature. 'By grace ye are saved, through faith; and that not yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.' ''

Man in his rebellious, wicked, and lost condition, in justice, deserved punishment, but "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," and the instrumentality is love.

III. *Is he able to save that which is lost?*

1. The miracles which he performed prove his power to save. At Capernaum he restored the sight of two blind men, healed a dumb demoniac, healed the centurian's servants of palsy, raised Jairu's daughter from the dead, healed the man sick of palsy, healed the man

with the withered hand, and said unto Peter, "go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened its mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for me and thee." At Decapolis, he healed a deaf and dumb man. At Bethny, he raised Lazarus from the dead. At Nain, "he came and touched the bier; and they that bare him stood still. And he said, young man, I say unto thee arise, and he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother." While he and his disciples were on the Sea of Galilee, "there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master carest thou not that we perish? And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." He had power over nature, he had power over diseases, he had power over demons, he had power over the dead, he had power over life present and life to come, and especially should the great miracle of his resurrection be emphasized. He pointed to this event as the final test and confirmation of his claim to be the Son of God and Saviour of the world. He came forth from the grave guaranteeing his power to save men. "On the third day the sepulchre was empty. Within the next forty

days he appeared at divers times on divers occasion to divers people." At one time more than five hundred saw him. Indeed, he is not only able to save from sin, but he is able to save from the lowest depths of sin.

At one time he was in the temple, "and all the people came unto him: and he sat down, and taught them. And the Scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery; and when they had set her in the midst, They say unto him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act." She belongs to the class of outcasts. She is a sinner, and hopelessly lost. God and society have abandoned her. There she stands in the multitude. Every eye is upon her. They want to stone her, and Jesus said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground." They were convicted by their own conscience, and went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the least." And when this procession of sinners had filed out, Jesus said unto her, Woman where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more." This poor woman had gone just as near hell as a poor creature can get this side, but Jesus was able to stretch forth his hand and rescue her.

And did he not save Saul, the persecutor

and murderer? Did he not save Zaccheus, the publican? There is no one so deep in sin that the Son of Man cannot reach him; no sin so black that he cannot wash away every stain. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Jesus said to the dying thief, "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Yes, a thief—a thief that many men would not associate with for a moment. That is the class that he came to seek and to save, and if they are ever saved, they must be saved by him, for, "in none other is there salvation. For neither is there any other name in heaven that is given among men wherein we must be saved."

"O, what amazing words of grace,
Are in this gospel found,
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the gospel sound."

2. His character proves his power to save the lost. It is admitted by every one, that the character of Jesus, as it is presented to us by the four evangelists, is one of unequal excellence. Of all characters, it has the most strongly marked features. He loved men while they mocked him; while they scourged him; while they planted thorns on his brow; while they were compelling him to carry his cross; while they nailed his hands and feet to the tree; while

they were casting lots for his vesture; while they were writing the superscription over his head, and prayed for them when he was dying. It is an easy matter for many to love the lovable, but hard to love the hateful. Jesus loved the lovable and hateful with the same everlasting love. This love was too strong to be conquered by man's injustice and ingratitude. "It unites thus, in perfect harmony, the qualities of the saint and of the philanthropist." He was never known to compromise with evil, or sanction evil-doing, "but with this purity there is a deep well of tenderness, a spirit of forgiveness which never fails." He was literally a sinless man. He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He is the Son of God, and he is the Son of Man. All traits of perfect character are seen in Christ. Peter was distinguished by his zeal; John by his love; James by works; Paul by faith, but in the Son of Man all these traits of noble character are made perfect. He is the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. Thus do his life and character prove his power to save the lost. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should have everlasting life. "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out"—"Come for all things are now ready"—"And the spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come. And let him that is athirst say come:

and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

"Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep celestial spring.

This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts,
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose
And drink with thankful hearts.

Millions of sinners vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues, too,
And drink, adore, and bless."



The Prodigal Son



HE parable of the Prodigal Son is, perhaps, the most familiar parable that the Son of Man spoke, and, strange to say, there are hundreds of people who turn coldly away from it. Just why they treat it so indifferently, I am unable to determine. It may be that they have turned away from it because it is such familiar ground that it has lost its charm for them. Familiarity frequently drives away all charm that objects, beautiful scenery, or books may have for us. Upon this very thought Dr. Chapman says, "I was sweeping through the magnificent Rocky Mountain scenery some time ago, and when we had plunged into the Royal Gorge, and later into the Grand Canon, it seemed to me that scenery more sublime could not be found in all the world, and if I had never been impressed before with the existence of God, I should have cried out unto him in the midst of these mountain peaks. I noticed that everyone in the car, with one single excep-

tion, was gazing with rapt admiration. This one woman was reading a book, and to my certain knowledge, she did not lift her eyes once from the printed page while we were in that wonderful scenery. When we had swung out into the great table land, I overheard her say to a friend, 'This is the thirteenth time I have crossed these mountains. The first time I could not keep the tears from rolling down my cheeks, so impressed was I, but now, I know it so well that I frequently go through the whole range with scarcely a glance cast out the window.' It is thus alas! that we read God's Word, and that which fills Heaven with wonder, and furnishes the angels a theme for never-ending praise, we read with indifference or fail to read at all." It is thus that many read the story of the Prodigal Son. Others read it again and again with increasing interest, notwithstanding its familiarity.

This wonderful story of the Prodigal Son naturally falls into two great parts. In the first one we consider him as:

I. *The typical sinner* — This young man was like a great many young men of our own time. He thought himself too wise to be guided by his parents. He did not want to be tied any longer to "mother's apron strings." It was not his wish that his father should dictate for him for, as he thought, he was capable of taking care of himself. He could not but think that he was *smart* enough to be "his

own man." For him the rules of home were too rigid. The burdens of home were greater than he could bear. He could not be free, and freedom was what he most desired. Finally he went to his father and said "Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country." At last he had set himself free! The old restrictions that had tortured him for so long were thrown off. The many tedious errands were finished. The monotony of the daily routine had turned into a thing of the past. The daily programs were planned according to his notion. To himself he whispered, "Henceforth I am my own master, and the broad world is before me. Over this vast domain I will come and go as I please. There is nothing to prevent it. The world is a tremendous field in which I am free to sow my 'wild oats.' I will see life." Boys, it is certainly a tragic thing to hear a young man talking about "seeing life", when it is really death that he is seeing. When you hear a young man talking a great deal about being free, it means, as a rule, that he is enslaving himself. "In the beginning" he does feel a delusive sense of freedom. No longer does he have to be "on duty" at certain hours, obey rules of a master, perform tasks; the world is before him, and the restrictions of home are

behind. He is free! (?). He is strong and healthy, why not step out on the great play-board of life, like other young men, and test his power? So he starts on the journey. The old home grows dim. The present is rich and full, but "expectation points on to new sensations and experiences." The future beckons, and he goes. From city to city, from country to country, the free (?) traveller makes his way. He is doing as he pleases. If he wishes to stay he stays, and if he feels impelled to go he goes. He sees men on every side who are tied by duties, while he has none. He has broken the old prison in which so many people bind themselves with care and duty. He breathes the pure air, and "walks with the world at his feet". How free! How absolutely independent! He is no longer dominated by duty, morality, God; he is a grown man, and he has put away childish things. He has exchanged the dear old home of childhood, of mother, of purity, of flowers, and of love, for the world, and henceforth the world is his home. He goes to the "far country". And while there, he wasted his substance with riotous living. "And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no

man gave unto him." You notice that when his money goes his friends go also; for "friends that are bought with money disappear when the money disappears." Go without friends rather than buy them!! Yea, go unloved rather than buy the lover!!!

In this parable there are many lessons which we can apply to actual life. "It is acted over and over again and again." But it is only when we consider the spiritual meaning of the parable that the sinful and ugly conduct of this son comes clearly into view. God is the father, man is the son. The rule of the father is a spiritual one. His voice is the voice of conscience, and the desire to escape His control is wholly unjustifiable. He has a right to make certain standards, and require each individual to live up to them. He has a right to punish or reward according to his will, and when one endeavors to set aside his authority and control, he is seeking to put pleasure in the place of duty, to shake off obligation to his God, to the church, to his fellowmen, and to himself. He is like the man who had religious training in his early life and due regard for the worship of God and for the house of prayer, and then, after having tasted heavenly gifts, turned away like a dog to the vomit, or the sow to the wallowing in the mire.

In the second part of the story we consider him as:

II. *The model penitent*—No story in the

Bible gives us a more perfect picture of a model penitent than the last part of the story of the Prodigal Son. From it we learn in what attitude of soul we should return to our heavenly Father. The manner in which the better mind was awakened in him, is not necessarily an example to us. It was when hunger crept upon him that he "came to himself", and thought upon the sinful course that had brought him to this low station in life. But, of course, this is only one of the many ways in which God makes his voice heard. It was through hunger that he spoke to the Prodigal, but the way in which he calls the attention to our spiritual danger may be far different. Speaking of the various ways in which God calls to us, Sam Jones said, "Have you any idea how many calls there are in this book (The Bible) to you, my brother, and to you my sister? Oh, this book! with each page, and sometimes with each verse, calling us to nobler and better things! And this book has been on the table at your home, and on the shelf at your home, and in your library at your home, this book today with its millions of copies scattered over the earth, and almost a million calls in each book! Oh, surely no man can sink down to Hell at last and say, 'I would have gone to nobler heights and to a better life than I did if I had had just one call of mercy and goodness from God to me.' This blessed book, how full of calls!"

The providence of God brought Sam Jones around his father's dying pillow, and he watched him as he passed out of this world. God placed his father's corpse in his pathway and he turned around and said, "I will go back. I will go back."—"And many a time a man has traveled so far that God can never stop him until he puts his dead wife in his pathway, and many a man has turned around and said, 'I will go back. I will go back.' Many a time God has thrown a sweet angel babe, like a sweet angel chiseled out of marble, in the pathway of the father, and stopped him, "and there are many other kinds of experiences that lead to the wholesome change in the conduct of life. A severe illness, the sudden death of a friend, an unexpected calamity, a kind word, a word of advice, the touch of a friendly hand, the pleading voice of a disciple—in some one of these the attention may be directed to our spiritual danger, and the awful loss and risk to which we are exposed by "remaining among the swine" away from Him. But let the experience that "brings us to the Father" be what it may be, we can find no better pattern of penitence in word and action than the Prodigal affords us in the latter part of his history.

1. *He finds fault with no one but himself*—Throughout his journey, he is not heard to say a word against his evil companions — against those who lured him along the broad road of sin—against those who would not give

him a mouthfull to eat—against those who took his money and fled; he has nothing to say of degraded humanity; he has nothing to say about sinfulness in general; he has nothing to say about various societies and classes, or anything to say about anybody's condition but his own. He says *he himself* is unworthy. He says that no one is responsible for his downfall but *he himself*. *He himself* has sinned. When he came to himself he said, "What a fool I have been. Here I am, cold, homeless, friendless, without money, alone, starving, and in my father's house the servants have enough and to spare. I will go back and ask to be made a servant in my father's house." Here is the crisis. Here is the dividing line. Here is the extremity. Here his soul quivers in the balances of decision. Thus far the course of this young man was a course of folly, and his return was the return to wisdom. It was when he came to himself that he said, "I will arise and go unto my father." I will not try to excuse myself on the ground of bad companions. I have no right to mention them, though the judge may take them into account. The fact remains, when all is said, that I am responsible for my guilt, and my only resource is to make a manly, true confession. I have sinned; I am unworthy."

2. *His shame.* He abases himself before his earthly father, as well as before God. This

is a plain mark of penitence. "It is easy to call yourself the chief of sinners, expecting every sinner round you to decline, or return the compliment; but learn to measure the real degrees of your own relative baseness, and to be ashamed, not only in heaven's sight, but in man's sight, and redemption is indeed begun." Notice very carefully—"I have sinned *against* heaven"—against God and *before* thee." He feels that he is degraded before his father, and that he is fit to be only a servant. He is ashamed, and the "element of shame is essential to true penitence."

3. *Another mark of true penitence is the desire to be henceforward subjeat to authority.* What a wonderful change! He left his dear old *father's* house; he is glad to come back to it as a *master's* house. "Make me as one of thy hired servants." The spirit in which he comes back to the father is plainly seen in this request. He wants to serve. He seems to have wanted to recompense his father for any pain he might have caused him. He is glad to get back under the rule from under which he was once so anxious to be free. He makes an open request. "Make me as one of thy hired servants." "Redemption must begin in subjection, and in the recovery of the sense of fatherhood and authority; just as all ruin and desolution began in the loss of that sense. The lost son began by claiming his rights. He is found when he resigns them. He is lost

by flying from his father, when his father's authority was only paternal: he is found by returning to his father, and desiring that his authority may be absolute, as over a hired servant." Thus we see by all these marks—by humbly confessing his guilt, by feeling shame on account of it, and by sincerely desiring to be ruled and controlled by the will of the father—the father's house and the father's heart were opened to the prodigal. The father's great loving heart was touched, and he "was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck; and kissed him," and "said to his servants, Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and make merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry."

But while the father is lavishing his great love upon him, the prodigal is feeling his unworthiness. "I am no more worthy to be called thy son." He feels that the time *when he was worthy* is in the far distant past. He begins to form an estimation of himself, and "the estimate which he had of himself depended upon the standard with which he compared himself. He "had formed a different measure of himself in his previous experience, because his standard had been different." He had a good opinion of himself. With his money, he

was liberal; he was generous-hearted; "he-had-a-great-big-heart"; nothing was too costly with which to treat his friends; money was no object with him; he flung it right and left, and he had the reputation of being the most "whole-hearted" fellow in the "far country." He thought he was a good fellow, and "measured by the harlots and drunkards, he was a good fellow", and when he settled down to something like industry, and measured himself with swineherds, "he thought himself perhaps better than the average." It may be that he was, but when he turned his thoughts backward, and compared himself with the great loving father whose home he had rashly left, then he said, "I am no more worthy to be called thy son." He had adopted a *new* standard, and thus "a *new* judgment is reached." In the light of this *new* standard, are you worthy to be called God's son? The doctor is worthy to be called *good doctor*; the teacher is worthy to be called *good teacher*; the mother is worthy to be called *good mother*; the father is worthy to be called *good father*; Take this standard: God's son—are you worthy to be called God's son? What does it mean to be God's son? "How shall we apply the measurements?" THIS WAY. Take Jesus Christ and lay your life alongside His life and then ask yourself, "Am I worthy to be called God's son?" If you find that your life is not wholly consecrated to God's service, and that your heart is not full of un-

selfishness and self-forgetting love, you are not worthy to be called God's son.

III. *In the third place let us look at "the prodigal and his brother."* I have often wondered what the result would have been if the parable had closed while we were rejoicing in the return and reception of this younger brother. He has returned from the far country, and his father has commanded merry-making. If this story had closed here we would have been left "rejoicing in the joy of the father over his regained and penitent son." "The ring of a prince is put on his finger, and the shoes of a freeman on his feet." There is great rejoicing. The father seems to say that the best is not good enough for the son who has just returned from the "far country." Everything is brilliant and gay. No heart is beating with greater joy than that father's. The music increases and the dancing adds to the merriment. But behold! in the midst of it all, there comes a discord occasioned by the "elder brother", whose ugly conduct robs the story of its natural and happy ending. "He was angry, and would not go in: and his father came out, and entreated him. But he answered and said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but when this thy son came, who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou

killest for him the fatted calf." From these two passages of scripture it seems that the father's service was the "elder brother's" delight, "that on the mere prompting of love he had at all times kept his father's commandments", and "that under all changes and temptations to distrust, he confided in his father's wisdom and care." Apparently the "elder brother's" character was in great contrast with that of his younger brother, for, as we have seen, the conduct of the younger brother, for a time, was of the most corrupt type. In him we have an open and jovial sinner depicted to the very life. But is the elder son in any way a better son? Is his conduct more commendable than the younger brother's? Does he show a more childlike spirit? Does he conduct himself more like a son than his younger brother? Do you see *even one* more admirable trait of character in him than in the younger brother? Not one! Not a whit! He is not one iota better than his younger brother. "Loving dependence, *free* obedience, glad and disinterested service, are the distinctive marks of sonship." Not a single one of these do you find in him. According to his own story, he is a servant rather than a son, and "his father is much more a master to him than a father." He is no better satisfied at home than his younger brother who would not submit to its restraints. "His obedience is not

free, but servile." He has been serving for wages, and without them I do not think that he would have served. He claims to have earned far more than he had received. "Obviously, then", according to Cox, "the elder son was as far away from his father's heart and spirit as the younger son had been from his father's home, and had sunk into a bondage from which it was still harder to redeem him. We must remember that in this parable we have the story of *two* prodigals, rather than one; of two men, that is, who wandered away from God—who lost their standing as sons by losing the spirit of sons; and that the self-righteous censor of his brother, the cold and insolent critic of his father, although he had never left his house, had strayed even farther from God than the reckless Prodigal who, under all his sins, and sinful impulses, had a son's heart in him, and was at last drawn back by it to his father's arms. The parable teaches that those who esteem themselves saints, because they busy themselves with religious dogmas and rules, may be made of harder and more impenetrable stuff than the transgressors whom they eye with sour suspicion and disdain. But it teaches us a lesson still more surprising than this. It teaches us that, let men be as bad as they may, and whether they show a wild, wilful, and wanton spirit, or a cautious, selfish, and mercenary spirit, or whether they are the slaves of impulses or of conventionalism, God is

always a good Father to them all. The truth is that we may each of us only too easily find both these men in himself, and therefore God's grace to the one should be as welcome and pathetic as His grace to the other."

Thus we may rejoice that our heavenly Father is exceedingly good to both, and that when we return from following after the world, He has compassion on us. And that when we are angry with Him, and, like the elder brother, will not go in, He loves us and comes out and entreats us.

"God is calling the prodigal, come without delay,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Tho' you've wander'd so far from His presence,
 come today,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh, return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

Come there's bread in the house of thy Father, and
 to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting
 there,
Hear His loving voice calling still."

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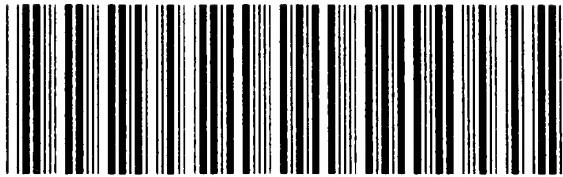
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